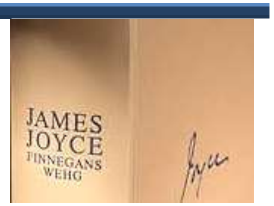
Joyce Lexicography
Volume Thirty-Three







German in *Finnegans Wake* Contextualized

Helmut Bonheim's *A Lexicon of the German in* Finnegans Wake

Edited by
C. George Sandulescu

Redacted by
Lidia Vianu

sprakin sea Djoytsch?



FW Episodes
Twelve to Fourteen

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Press Release

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In six volumes:
ISBN 978-606-8366-57-9; 978-606-8366-59-3; 978-606-8366-60-9; 978-606-8366-58-6; 978-606-8366-61-6; 978-606-8366-62-3

Joyce spoke German fluently. He made his family speak German while they lived in Zurich, and his children even went to school there. His grave is in Zurich too. The 17 years he put into the writing of the 17 chapters of *Finnegans Wake* made use of almost 4,000 German words and phrases; we learn this from Helmut Bonheim's *A Lexicon of the German in*

Finnegans Wake, which the *Contemporary Literature Press* is now re-issuing. This new edition of Bonheim's *Lexicon* tags the full FW text to his list.

The author himself discussed in his Preface the importance of the larger context for anyone who tries to understand **how and why** Joyce turned to German. Following his idea, this re-issuing of the *German Lexicon of FW* offers the reader both a German key and an additional means of understanding Joyce's last and most difficult book .

It is difficult to see how it is possible to make a reader feel he is reading a text in over forty languages more or less at the same time. Why Joyce mixed them, and how he combined letters and sounds, so as to be English, French, German, Romanian, and so many more languages at once is a complicated issue. Our insistence on Joyce's use of German lies in the fact that, of all the 40 languages used in the book, the German listing is by far the best and most accurate dictionary. The contextualized grid we are offering now is in fact an invitation to the reader to purchase Helmut Bonheim's actual book and have it in his own hands. It is the result of a close friendship and cooperation with Fritz Senn, a Joyce scholar himself, and the creator of the famous *Zurich James Joyce Foundation*. We hope that our reprocessing of this German Lexicon will lead the reader to a renewed examination of Professor Bonheim's own book.

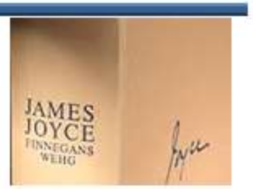
Joyce's life ended in Zurich two years after the publication of Finnegans Wake. It is conceivable that the ultimate meaning of this

enigmatic text, which still remains silent in many ways, depends to a certain extent on the languages he spoke in that geographical area: we must not forget that Switzerland has four national languages, including Italian.

C. George Sandulescu and **Lidia Vianu**

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If you want to have all the information you need about ***Finnegans Wake***, including the full text of *Finnegans Wake* line-numbered, go to the personal site **Sandulescu Online**, at the following internet address:
http://sandulescu.perso.monaco.mc/

N.B. This Lexicographic Series as a whole is primarily meant as **teaching material** for the larger half of Continental Europe, which, for practically three quarters of a century, was deprived of ready access to the experimental fiction and poetry of the world. All Western literary criticism was also banned. Hence, the imperative necessity of re-issuing a considerable amount of post-war discussions.

The Publisher.

Joyce Lexicography
Volume Thirty-Three

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Vol. **2.**	Helmut Bonheim's **German** Lexicon of *Finnegans Wake*. http://editura.mttlc.ro/Helmut.Bonheim-Lexicon-of-the-German-in-FW.html	217pp	7 December 2011
Vol. **3.**	A Lexicon of **Common Scandinavian** in *Finnegans Wake*. http://editura.mttlc.ro/C-G.Sandulescu-A-Lexicon-of-Common-Scandinavian-in-FW.html	195pp	13 January 2012
Vol. **4.**	A Lexicon of **Allusions and Motifs** in *Finnegans Wake*. http://editura.mttlc.ro/G.Sandulescu-Lexicon-of-Allusions-and-Motifs-in-	263pp	11 February 2012

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Vol. **5.** A Lexicon of **"Small" Languages** in *Finnegans Wake*. 237pp 7 March 2012

Dedicated to Stephen J. Joyce.

http://editura.mttlc.ro/sandulescu-small-languages-fw.html

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Dedicated to Clive Hart.

http://editura.mttlc.ro/sandulescu-unenglish-fw-volume-one.html

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You are kindly asked to address your comments, suggestions, and criticism to the Publisher: lidia.vianu@g.unibuc.ro

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Random Introductory Remarks.

dustcovered, *nom de lieu!*

(FW291.16)



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1. Quite paradoxically, all Joyce lexicography points not so much to semantics, but rather to pragmatics—especially Person, and Place, with ubiquity of Time. That is the reason why the Dictionary of Persons (Glasheen), and the Dictionary of Places (Mink) have pride of place among the instruments of research into *Finnegans Wake*, by the side, of course, of Clive Hart's *Concordance*.

If we turn to **The Forty Languages**, it is clear that Bonheim's *Dictionary of German Elements* stands very high among all the others, if there are any others worth the notice. (It is a pity that O Hehir is so very often off the mark in all his lexicography, and Christiani flatly refuses to separate the linguistic from the cultural. And though Joyce's main subject at the University was Italian, and he lived so many years in Italy, there is no dictionary of **Italian in *Finnegans Wake*** to match the size and precision of Bonheim's work. In fact, the Romance side of research in *Finnegans Wake* lags far behind the Germanic, Scandinavian,

and even the Slavonic side, particularly in comparison with Bonheim—which remains a paragon of precision and accuracy.)

2. For the past thirty years or more, I kept quoting, to no avail, Stéphane Mallarmé's boutade "**Tout, au monde, existe pour aboutir à un livre**". And he continues, in his *Variations sur un sujet*: "**Le livre, expansion totale de la lettre, doit d'elle tirer, directement, une mobilité et spacieux, par correspondances, instituer un jeu, on ne sait, qui confirme la fiction.**"

It is all to no avail because everybody—absolutely everybody—has gone electronic, having been fully hypnotized by the Internet, which

is generally sloppy, imprecise, mildly inaccurate, and transitory. Even the cats of Copenhagen got to be into **a book,** BEFORE they got to be on the Internet!

My whole Joyce lexicography series is in fact an ardent plea to all Joyce scholars, great and small, suffering from hormonis pausa or not, to purchase the actual books, which are the real instruments of research work, as *livres de chevet*. It must be well understood that **the Internet does not replace the books, but rather leads us on to them**. And when it comes to instruments of research, rather than lax and flax cultural studies, the necessity of holding the physical working tools in one's own hands becomes absolute. Remember Wittgenstein and his plea for the value of the chest of tools!

The Internet is an ephemeral means of conveyance which takes us to the book, never replacing it!

And the more the book approximates *un instrument de travail*, the more Mallarmé’s statement remains for ever true. Anybody fully believing in the Internet as a goal in itself is a junior and an eternal undergraduate. And unfortunately, many a senior professor is so *de nos jours*! *Les jours maudits de l’électronique!* Pour le travail strictement intéllectuel.

3. I leaf through a book called ***The Joyce Companion***, which, ideally is expressly meant to be some kind of '*instrument de travail*.' And I come across the following two statements:

.a. In the extensive article entitled "The Language of *Finnegans Wake*," it stands written: "**most of the Scandinavian words in the fable of the Norwegian Captain (311.5 to 331.13) appear usually to be flavouring or window-dressing** (sic!) **not crucial to meaning, an embellishment, much like the river names in the Anna Livia chapter.**" (page 635). (Louis Mink would certainly not agree with him at all about the rivers. Nor Clive Hart either, who is a fluent reader of Swedish.)

.b. In another equally extensive article, this time entitled "Structures and Meanings of *Finnegans Wake*," it stands written: "**Burgess is not a professional scholar but a novelist who dabbles in Joyce criticism**." (page 624). And a little further on, after a bash at Umberto Eco, we read: "**Even worse, in a sense, are those critics who are content to repeat the clichés of the Joyce industry without evaluating them…**" (page 625). And then again "**the unperceptive reciters of clichés are to be found writing on other aspects of Joyce's work, but the tendency to ignore context seems to plague *Wake* critics…**" (page 625). (The poor chap is not exactly aware of **the complex meaning** of 'context', inside, or outside, lexicography!)

I will not bother to give here the names of these two ***professorelli*** who advance such ideas, but I will first say that such statements are clear instances of self-disqualification! And I go one step further by saying that they declassify the whole bulky book of 820 pages as a solid and genuine *instrument de travail*! And that fact is particularly grave when that book is entitled ***A Companion to Joyce Studies***, and is published by Greenwood Press in 1984.

My reply to them is equally incisive and equally curt:

.a. To mistake James Joyce for John Lyly and his ***Euphuisms*** shows a total lack of understanding for James Joyce, and the whole of European literature between the two World Wars. I name no names…

Raymond Queneau *suffit*. I also remotely remember attending an international conference — predominantly Germanic — on "Kitsch in Joyce."

.b. To accuse Anthony Burgess and Umberto Eco of **being amateurishly superficial with regard to James Joyce** is completely wrong. Burgess has done more for James Joyce in two pages with his book ***Ninety-Nine Novels, The Best in English since 1939,*** published in 1984, than all the Joyce Symposia taken together since their inception, half a century ago. To say nothing of the half a dozen books of his entirely devoted to James Joyce. The Joyce community is vastly numerous, but **relatively voiceless in comparison with him**! Burgess is **STENTORIAL** in absolutely all senses of the word! (I remember Bernie

Benstock telling me at dinner once, about Burgess: "He wrote a bad review of one of **my** books: I wrote a bad review of one of **his** books! So, we are quits.")

That is the reason why I had chosen Anthony Burgess to open the 1990 Monaco Joyce Congress twice over! Once for the academic activities, and the second time for the social activities, attached to it.

4. In the two brief instances above discussed, it is the Joyce mafia mentality that raises its ugly head. Do not let yourself be influenced by it! Joyce studies have done far too little in making **the general public** understand precisely **what Joyce is ultimately after** in *Finnegans Wake*. (We don't even have ***The Complete Works of James Joyce in English***; France

has.) The problem is as fundamental for the Humanities as the central problems of Physics and Astrophysics in the exact sciences! The ghost of the "**Two Cultures**" is still lingering on, though Dr Leavis and C. P. Snow are both long gone. The Sciences have indeed got vast funding (how much has the world spent so far on ***bosons***, ***charms*** (q.v.), *charm physics*, and ***quarks*** (FW383.01), for instance?) , whereas the Humanities are left with the petty bickering, as above, even when **fundamental research** is involved.

5. **Lending cogency to *Finnegans Wake*** is indeed fundamental research, and that is what the *Joyce Lexicography Series* is trying to achieve in its modest way.

Monaco, Corpus Christi 2013
(fête Dieu, in French)
(30 May, for the Pagans)

C. George Sandulescu

German in *Finnegans Wake* Contextualized

Episodes Twelve to Fourteen



ETH Zürich, Hauptgebäude.

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12. Episode Twelve (17 pages, from 383 to 402)

FW Address	FW Text	German	English	Full FW Text	
				FW 383	
383.01:2	*quarks*	Quark	curd; rubbish, trifle	— *Three quarks for Muster Mark!*	1
383.01:4	*Muster*	Muster	pattern, paragon		
				Sure he hasn't got much of a bark	2
				And sure any he has it's all beside the mark.	3
				But O, Wreneagle Almighty, wouldn't un be a sky of a lark	4
383.05:9	*uns*	uns	us	*To see that old buzzard whooping about for uns shirt in the dark*	5
				And he hunting round for uns speckled trousers around by Palmer-	6
				stown Park?	7
				Hohohoho, moulty Mark!	8
				You're the rummest old rooster ever flopped out of a Noah's ark	9
				And you think you're cock of the wark.	10
				Fowls, up! Tristy's the spry young spark	11

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				That'll tread her and wed her and bed her and red her	12
				Without ever winking the tail of a feather	13
				And that's how that chap's going to make his money and mark!	14
				Overhoved, shrillgleescreaming. That song sang seaswans.	15
				The winging ones. Seahawk, seagull, curlew and plover, kestrel	16
				and capercallzie. All the birds of the sea they trolled out rightbold	17
383.18:3	**smacked**	schmeckte	tasted	when they smacked the big kuss of Trustan with Usolde.	18
383.18:6	**kuss**	Kuß	kiss		
				And there they were too, when it was dark, whilest the wild-	19
				caps was circling, as slow their ship, the winds aslight, upborne	20
				the fates, the wardorse moved, by courtesy of Mr Deaubaleau	21
				Downbellow Kaempersally, listening in, as hard as they could, in	22
383.23:1	**Dubbeldorp,**	Dorf	village	Dubbeldorp, the donker, by the tourneyold of the wattarfalls,	23
				with their vuoxens and they kemin in so hattajocky (only a	24
				FW 384	
				quartebuck askull for the last acts) to the solans and the sycamores	1
				and the wild geese and the gannets and the migratories and the	2
				mistlethrushes and the auspices and all the birds of the rockby-	3
				suckerassousyoceanal sea, all four of them, all sighing and sob-	4
384.05:5	**ahoykling!**	kling-	sound	bing, and listening. Moykle ahoykling!	5

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				They were the big four, the four maaster waves of Erin, all	6
				listening, four. There was old Matt Gregory and then besides old	7
				Matt there was old Marcus Lyons, the four waves, and oftentimes	8
				they used to be saying grace together, right enough, bausnabeatha,	9
				in Miracle Squeer: here now we are the four of us: old Matt Gre-	10
				gory and old Marcus and old Luke Tarpey: the four of us and	11
				sure, thank God, there are no more of us: and, sure now, you	12
				wouldn't go and forget and leave out the other fellow and old	13
				Johnny MacDougall: the four of us and no more of us and so	14
				now pass the fish for Christ sake, Amen: the way they used to be	15
				saying their grace before fish, repeating itself, after the interims	16
384.17:2	**Augusburgh**	Auge	eye	of Augusburgh for auld lang syne. And so there they were, with	17
384.17:2	**Augusburgh**	Burg	fortress		
				their palms in their hands, like the pulchrum's proculs, spraining	18
				their ears, luistening and listening to the oceans of kissening, with	19
				their eyes glistening, all the four, when he was kiddling and	20
				cuddling and bunnyhugging scrumptious his colleen bawn and	21
				dinkum belle, an oscar sister, on the fifteen inch loveseat, behind	22
				the chieftaness stewardesses cubin, the hero, of Gaelic champion,	23
				the onliest one of her choice, her bleaueyedeal of a girl's friend,	24
				neither biguly nor smallnice, meaning pretty much everything	25
384.26:10	**rufthandling,**	ruft	calls	to her then, with his sinister dexterity, light and rufthandling,	26

384.26:10	**rufthandling,**	Handlung	action, plot		
				vicemversem her ragbags et assaucyetiams, fore and aft, on and	27
384.28:4	**sexfutter,**	sechs	six	offsides, the brueburnt sexfutter, handson and huntsem, that was	28
384.28:4	**sexfutter,**	Futter	fodder		
384.28:4	**sexfutter,**	Futt (vulgar)	vagina		
				palpably wrong and bulbubly improper, and cuddling her and	29
				kissing her, tootyfay charmaunt, in her ensemble of maidenna	30
				blue, with an overdress of net, tickled with goldies, Isolamisola,	31
				and whisping and lisping her about Trisolanisans, how one was	32
				whips for one was two and two was lips for one was three, and	33
				dissimulating themself, with his poghue like Arrah-na-poghue,	34
				the dear dear annual, they all four remembored who made the	35
				world and how they used to be at that time in the vulgar ear	36
				FW 385	
				cuddling and kiddling her, after an oyster supper in Cullen's barn,	1
				from under her mistlethrush and kissing and listening, in the good	2
				old bygone days of Dion Boucicault, the elder, in Arrah-na-	3
				pogue, in the otherworld of the passing of the key of Two-	4
				tongue Common, with Nush, the carrier of the word, and with	5
				Mesh, the cutter of the reed, in one of the farback, pitchblack	6

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				centuries when who made the world, when they knew O'Clery,	7
				the man on the door, when they were all four collegians on the	8
				nod, neer the Nodderlands Nurskery, whiteboys and oakboys,	9
				peep of tim boys and piping tom boys, raising hell while the sin	10
				was shining, with their slates and satchels, playing Florian's fables	11
				and communic suctions and vellicar frictions with mixum mem-	12
				bers, in the Queen's Ultonian colleges, along with another fellow,	13
385.14:11	**triblute**	Blut	blood	a prime number, Totius Quotius, and paying a pot of tribluts	14
				to Boris O'Brien, the buttler of Clumpthump, two looves, two	15
				turnovers plus (one) crown, to see the mad dane ating his	16
				vitals. Wulf! Wulf! And throwing his tongue in the snakepit. Ah	17
				ho! The ladies have mercias! It brought the dear prehistoric	18
				scenes all back again, as fresh as of yore, Matt and Marcus, natu-	19
				ral born lovers of nature, in all her moves and senses, and after	20
				that now there he was, that mouth of mandibles, vowed to pure	21
				beauty, and his Arrah-na-poghue, when she murmurously, after	22
				she let a cough, gave her firm order, if he wouldn't please mind,	23
				for a sings to one hope a dozen of the best favourite lyrical	24
				national blooms in Luvillicit, though not too much, reflecting on	25
				the situation, drinking in draughts of purest air serene and re-	26
				velling in the great outdoors, before the four of them, in the fair	27
				fine night, whilst the stars shine bright, by she light of he moon,	28

				we longed to be spoon, before her honeyoldloom, the plaint effect
				being in point of fact there being in the whole, a seatuition so
				shocking and scandalous and now, thank God, there were no more
				of them and he poghuing and poghuing like the Moreigner
				bowed his crusted hoed and Tilly the Tailor's Tugged a Tar in the
				Arctic Newses Dagsdogs number and there they were, like a
				foremasters in the rolls, listening, to Rolando's deepen darblun
				Ossian roll, (Lady, it was just too gorgeous, that expense of a
				FW 386
				lovely tint, embellished by the charms of art and very well con-
				ducted and nicely mannered and all the horrid rudy noisies locked
				up in nasty cubbyhole!) as tired as they were, the three jolly
				topers, with their mouths watering, all the four, the old connu-
				bial men of the sea, yambing around with their old pantometer,
				in duckasaloppics, Luke and Johnny MacDougall and all wishen-
386.07:11	**wald**	Wald	forest	ing for anything at all of the bygone times, the wald times and
				the fald times and the hempty times and the dempty times, for a
				cup of kindness yet, for four farback tumblerfuls of woman
				squash, with them, all four, listening and spraining their ears for
				the millennium and all their mouths making water.

				Johnny. Ah well, sure, that's the way (up) and it so happened	12
				there was poor Matt Gregory (up), their pater familias, and (up)	13
				the others and now really and (up) truly they were four dear	14
				old heladies and really they looked awfully pretty and so nice and	15
				bespectable and after that they had their fathomglasses to find	16
				out all the fathoms and their half a tall hat, just now like the old	17
386.18:3	**Pawerschoof,**	erschuf	created	Merquus of Pawerschoof, the old determined despot, (*quiescents*	18
				in brage!) only for the extrusion of the saltwater or the auctioneer	19
				there dormont, in front of the place near O'Clery's, at the darku-	20
386.21:2	**numbur**	ur	original	mound numbur wan, beside that ancient Dame street, where the	21
				statue of Mrs Dana O'Connell, prostituent behind the Trinity	22
				College, that arranges all the auctions of the valuable colleges,	23
				Bootersbay Sisters, like the auctioneer Battersby Sisters, the pru-	24
				misceous creaters, that sells all the emancipated statues and	25
				flowersports, James H. Tickell, the jaypee, off Hoggin Green,	26
				after he made the centuries, going to the tailturn horseshow, be-	27
				fore the angler nomads flood, along with another fellow, active	28
				impalsive, and the shoeblacks and the redshanks and plebeians	29
				and the barrancos and the cappunchers childerun, Jules, every-	30
				one, Gotopoxy, with the houghers on them, highstepping the	31
				fissure and fracture lines, seven five threes up, three five	32
				sevens down, to get out of his way, onasmuck as their withers	33

				conditions could not possibly have been improved upon,	34
				(praisers be to deeseesee!) like hopolopocattls, erumping oround	35
				their Judgity Yaman, and all the tercentenary horses and priest-	36
				FW 387	
				hunters, from the Curragh, and confusionaries and the authori-	1
387.02:6	**Aferican**	Affe	ape	ties, Noord Amrikaans and Suid Aferican cattleraiders (so they	2
				say) all over like a tiara dullfuoco, in his grey half a tall hat and	3
				his amber necklace and his crimson harness and his leathern jib	4
387.05:3	**cheapshein**	schein	appearance; shine	and his cheapshein hairshirt and his scotobrit sash and his para-	5
				pilagian gallowglasses (how do you do, jaypee, Elevato!) to find	6
				out all the improper colleges (and how do you do, Mr Dame	7
				James? Get out of my way!), forkbearded and bluetoothed and	8
				bellied and boneless, from Strathlyffe and Aylesburg and North-	9
				umberland Anglesey, the whole yaghoodurt sweepstakings and	10
387.11:8	**hayastdanars**	Ast	branch	all the horsepowers. But now, talking of hayastdanars and	11
387.11:8	**hayastdanars**	Wolken	clouds		
				wolkingology and how our seaborn isle came into exestuance,	12
				(the explutor, his three andesiters and the two pantellarias) that	13
387.14:5	**manausteriums**	Ministerium	ministry	reminds me about the manausteriums of the poor Marcus of Lyons	14

387.14:5	**manausterium s**	Auster	oyster		
				and poor Johnny, the patrician, and what do you think of the four	15
				of us and there they were now, listening right enough, the four	16
				saltwater widowers, and all they could remembore, long long ago	17
				in the olden times Momonian, throw darker hour sorrows, the	18
				princest day, when Fair Margrate waited Swede Villem, and Lally	19
				in the rain, with the blank prints, now extincts, after the wreak	20
387.21:5	**barmaisigheds ,**	Barm	yeast	of Wormans' Noe, the barmaisigheds, when my heart knew no	21
387.21:5	**barmaisigheds ,**	Mais	corn		
				care, and after that then there was the official landing of Lady	22
				Jales Casemate, in the year of the flood 1132 S.O.S., and the	23
				christening of Queen Baltersby, the Fourth Buzzersbee, accord-	24
				ing to Her Grace the bishop Senior, off the whate shape, and	25
				then there was the drowning of Pharoah and all his pedestrians	26
				and they were all completely drowned into the sea, the red sea,	27
387.28:4	**Merkin**	merken	notice	and then poor Merkin Cornyngwham, the official out of the	28
				castle on pension, when he was completely drowned off Erin	29
				Isles, at that time, suir knows, in the red sea and a lovely	30
387.31:7	**Saman**	Samen	seed	mourning paper and thank God, as Saman said, there were no	31

				more of him. And that now was how it was. The arzurian deeps	32
				o'er his humbodumbones sweeps. And his widdy the giddy is	33
				wreathing her murmoirs as her gracest triput to the Grocery	34
387.35:3	**. Mind**	mein	my	Trader's Manthly. Mind mand gunfree by Gladeys Rayburn!	35
				Runtable's Reincorporated. The new world presses. Where the	36
				FW 388	
				old conk cruised now croons the yunk. Exeunc throw a darras	1
388.02:1	**Kram**	Kram	rubbish	Kram of Llawnroc, ye gink guy, kirked into yord. Enterest at-	2
388.03:2	**Wehpen,**	weh	woe	tawonder Wehpen, luftcat revol, fairescapading in his natsirt.	3
388.03:3	**, luftcat**	Luft	air		
388.04:4	**mild aunt Liza**	mild und leise	(Tristan love-death aria)	Tuesy tumbles. And mild aunt Liza is as loose as her neese. Ful-	4
388.04:13	**. Fulfest**	fest	firmly		
388.05:4	**behent.**	behend	nimble	fest withim inbrace behent. As gent would deem oncontinent.	5
				So mulct per wenche is Elsker woed. Ne hath his thrysting. Fin.	6
				Like the newcasters in their old plyable of *A Royenne Devours*.	7
388.08:9	**. Fing.**	fing	caught; started	Jazzaphoney and Mirillovis and Nippy she nets best. Fing. Ay,	8
				ay! Sobbos. And so he was. Sabbus.	9
				Marcus. And after that, not forgetting, there was the Flemish	10
				armada, all scattered, and all officially drowned, there and then, on	11
				a lovely morning, after the universal flood, at about aleven thirty-	12

				two was it? off the coast of Cominghome and Saint Patrick, the	13
388.14:10	**tolls**	toll	mad, extreme	anabaptist, and Saint Kevin, the lacustrian, with toomuch of tolls	14
				and lottance of beggars, after converting Porterscout and Dona,	15
				our first marents, and Lapoleon, the equestrian, on his whuite	16
				hourse of Hunover, rising Clunkthurf over Cabinhogan and all	17
388.18:9	**floot**	Flut	flood	they remembored and then there was the Frankish floot of Noahs-	18
				dobahs, from Hedalgoland, round about the freebutter year of	19
				Notre Dame 1132 P.P.O. or so, disumbunking from under	20
				Motham General Bonaboche, (noo poopery!) in his half a grey	21
				traditional hat, alevoila come alevilla, and after that there he was,	22
				so terrestrial, like a Nailscissor, poghuing her scandalous and very	23
				wrong, the maid, in single combat, under the sycamores, amid	24
				the bludderings from the boom and all the gallowsbirds in Arrah-	25
388.26:3	**silvestrious,**	Silvester	New Year's	na-Poghue, so silvestrious, neer the Queen's Colleges, in 1132	26
				Brian or Bride street, behind the century man on the door. And	27
				then again they used to give the grandest gloriaspanquost univer-	28
				sal howldmoutherhibbert lectures on anarxaquy out of doxarch-	29
				ology (hello, Hibernia!) from sea to sea (Matt speaking!) accord-	30
				ing to the pictures postcard, with sexon grimmacticals, in the	31
				Latimer Roman history, of Latimer repeating himself, from the	32
				vicerine of Lord Hugh, the Lacytynant, till Bockleyshuts the rah-	33
388.34:2	**gerachknell**	Rache	revenge	jahn gerachknell and regnumrockery roundup, (Marcus Lyons	34

388.34:2	**gerachknell**	Krach	crash, argument		
388.34:2	**gerachknell**	Knall	shot, report		
388.34:2	**gerachknell**	Geräusch	noise		
				speaking!) to the oceanfuls of collegians green and high classes	35
				and the poor scholars and all the old trinitarian senate and saints and	36
				FW 389	
				sages and the Plymouth brethren, droning along, peanzanzangan,	1
				and nodding and sleeping away there, like forgetmenots, in her	2
				abijance service, round their twelve tables, per pioja at pulga	3
				bollas, in the four trinity colleges, for earnasyoulearning Erin-	4
				growback, of Ulcer, Moonster, Leanstare and Cannought, the	5
				four grandest colleges supper the matther of Erryn, of Killorcure	6
389.07:6	**-Flure,**	Flur	meadow, floor	and Killthemall and Killeachother and Killkelly-on-the-Flure,	7
				where their role was to rule the round roll that Rollo and Rullo	8
				rolled round. Those were the grandest gynecollege histories	9
				(Lucas calling, hold the line!) in the Janesdanes Lady Anders-	10
				daughter Universary, for auld acquaintance sake (this unitarian	11
				lady, breathtaking beauty, Bambam's bonniest, lived to a great	12
389.13:14	**, bis,**	bis	until	age at or in or about the late No. 1132 or No. 1169, bis, Fitzmary	13
				Round where she was seen by many and widely liked) for teach-	14

				ing the Fatima Woman history of Fatimiliafamilias, repeating her-
				self, on which purposeth of the spirit of nature as difinely deve-
				loped in time by psadatepholomy, the past and present (Johnny
				MacDougall speaking, give me trunks, miss!) and present and
				absent and past and present and perfect *arma virumque romano*.
				Ah, dearo, dear! O weep for the hower when eve aleaves bower!
				How it did but all come eddaying back to them, if they did but
				get gaze, gagagniagnian, to hear him there, kiddling and cuddling
				her, after the gouty old galahat, with his peer of quinnyfears and
				his troad of thirstuns, so nefarious, from his elevation of one
				yard one handard and thartytwo lines, before the four of us, in
				his Roman Catholic arms, while his deepseepeepers gazed and
				sazed and dazecrazemazed into her dullokbloon rodolling olo-
				sheen eyenbowls by the Cornelius Nepos, Mnepos. Anumque,
				umque. Napoo.
				Queh? Quos?
				Ah, dearo dearo dear! Bozun braceth brythe hwen gooses
				gandered gamen. Mahazar ag Dod! It was so scalding sorry for all
389.33:13	**toten,**	Toten	the dead	the whole twice two four of us, with their familiar, making the toten,
				and Lally when he lost part of his half a hat and all belongings to
				him, in his old futile manner, cape, towel and drawbreeches, and
				repeating himself and telling him now, for the seek of Senders

				FW 390
				Newslaters and the mossacre of Saint Brices, to forget the past,
				when the burglar he shoved the wretch in churneroil, and con-
				tradicting all about Lally, the ballest master of Gosterstown, and
390.04:5	**Lagener,**	Lagen	situations, positions	his old fellow, the Lagener, in the Locklane Lighthouse, earing his
				wick with a pierce of railing, and liggen hig with his ladder up, and
				that oldtime turner and his sadderday erely cloudsing, the old
				croniony, Skelly, with the lether belly, full of neltts, full of keltts,
				full of lightweight beltts and all the bald drakes or ever he had up
				in the bohereen, off Artsichekes Road, with Moels and Mahmullagh
				Mullarty, the man in the Oran mosque, and the old folks at home
				and Duignan and Lapole and the grand confarreation, as per the
				cabbangers richestore, of the filest archives, and he couldn't stop
				laughing over Tom Tim Tarpey, the Welshman, and the four
				middleaged widowers, all nangles, sangles, angles and wangles.
				And now, that reminds me, not to forget the four of the Welsh
				waves, leaping laughing, in their Lumbag Walk, over old Battle-
				shore and Deaddleconche, in their half a Roman hat, with an an-
				cient Greek gloss on it, in Chichester College auction and, thank
				God, they were all summarily divorced, four years before, or so

				they say, by their dear poor shehusbands, in dear byword days,
				and never brought to mind, to see no more the rainwater on the
				floor but still they parted, raining water laughing, per Nupiter
				Privius, only terpary, on the best of terms and be forgot, whilk was
				plainly foretolk by their old pilgrim cocklesong or they were sing-
				ing through the wettest indies *As I was going to Burrymecarott we*
				fell in with a lout by the name of Peebles as also in another place by
				their orthodox proverb so there was said thus *That old fellow*
				knows milk though he's not used to it latterly. And so they parted.
				In Dalkymont nember to. Ay, ay. The good go and the wicked
				is left over. As evil flows so Ivel flows. Ay, ay. Ah, well sure,
				that's the way. As the holymaid of Kunut said to the haryman
				of Koombe. For his humple pesition in odvices. Woman. Squash.
				Part. Ay, ay. By decree absolute.
				Lucas. And, O so well they could remembore at that time, when
				Carpery of the Goold Fins was in the kingship of Poolland, Mrs
				Dowager Justice Squalchman, foorsitter, in her fullbottom wig
				FW 391
				and beard, (Erminia Reginia!) in or aring or around about the
				year of buy in disgrace 1132 or 1169 or 1768 Y.W.C.A., at the

				Married Male Familyman's Auctioneer's court in Arrahnacuddle.	3
				Poor Johnny of the clan of the Dougals, the poor Scuitsman,	4
391.05:1	**(Hohannes!)**	Johannes	John	(Hohannes!) nothing if not amorous, dinna forget, so frightened	5
				(Zweep! Zweep!) on account of her full bottom, (undullable	6
				attraxity!) that put the yearl of mercies on him, and the four	7
391.08:6	**hing**	hing	hung	maasters, in chors, with a hing behangd them, because he was	8
391.09:4	**borstel**	Bürste	brush	so slow to borstel her schoon for her, when he was grooming her	9
391.09:4	**borstel**	Borste	bristle		
391.09:4	**borstel**	-borst-	crack		
				ladyship, instead of backscratching her materfamilias proper, like	10
				any old methodist, and all divorced and innasense interdict, in	11
				the middle of the temple, according to their dear faithful. Ah, now,	12
				it was too bad, too bad and stout entirely, all the missoccurs; and	13
				poor Mark or Marcus Bowandcoat, from the brownesberrow in	14
				nolandsland, the poor old chronometer, all persecuted with ally	15
391.16:8	**Herrinsilde,**	Herrin	mistress	croaker by everybody, by decree absolute, through Herrinsilde,	16
391.16:8	**Herrinsilde,**	Insel	island		
				because he forgot himself, making wind and water, and made	17
391.18:11	**giamond's**	Mond	moon	a Neptune's mess of all of himself, sculling over the giamond's	18
				courseway, and because he forgot to remember to sign an old	19
				morning proxy paper, a writing in request to hersute herself, on	20
391.21:2	**bronnanoleum**	Bronn	spring, well	stamped bronnanoleum, from Roneo to Giliette, before saying	21

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	,			
				his grace before fish and then and there and too there was
				poor Dion Cassius Poosycomb, all drowned too, before the
				world and her husband, because it was most improper and most
				wrong, when he attempted to (well, he was shocking poor in
				his health, he said, with the shingles falling off him), because
				he (ah, well now, peaces pea to Wedmore and let not the song go
				dumb upon your Ire, as we say in the Spasms of Davies, and we
				won't be too hard on him as an old Manx presbyterian) and after
391.30:6	**Rosse**	Rosse	steeds	that, as red as a Rosse is, he made his last will and went to con-
391.31:13	**rom,**	Rom	Rome	fession, like the general of the Berkeleyites, at the rim of the rom,
				on his two bare marrowbones, to Her Worship his Mother and
				Sister Evangelist Sweainey, on Cailcainnin widnight and he was
				so sorry, he was really, because he left the bootybutton in the
				handsome cab and now, tell the truth, unfriends never, (she was
				his first messes dogess and it was a very pretty peltry and there
				FW 392
				were faults on both sides) well, he attempted (or so they say)
				ah, now, forget and forgive (don't we all?) and, sure, he was only
				funning with his andrewmartins and his old age coming over

				him, well, he attempted or, the Connachy, he was tempted to	4
				attempt some hunnish familiarities, after eten a bad carmp in the	5
				rude ocean and, hevantonoze sure, he was dead seasickabed (it was	6
				really too bad!) her poor old divorced male, in the housepays for	7
				the daying at the Martyr Mrs MacCawley's, where at the time	8
				he was taying and toying, to hold the nursetendered hand, (ah,	9
				the poor old coax!) and count the buttons and her hand and	10
392.11:11	**doed**	Tod	death	frown on a bad crab and doying to remembore what doed they	11
				were byorn and who made a who a snore. Ah dearo dearo	12
				dear!	13
				And where do you leave Matt Emeritus? The laychief of Ab-	14
392.15:8	**. Achoch!**	ach	oh	botabishop? And exchullard of ffrench and gherman. Achoch!	15
392.15:8	**. Achoch!**	Hoch	high, hail!		
392.16:5	**sorgy**	Sorge	sorrow, care for	They were all so sorgy for poorboir Matt in his saltwater hat,	16
				with the Aran crown, or she grew that out of, too big for him, of	17
				or Mnepos and his overalls, all falling over her in folds— sure he	18
				hadn't the heart in her to pull them up— poor Matt, the old peri-	19
				grime matriarch, and a queenly man, (the porple blussing upon	20
				them!) sitting there, the sole of the settlement, below ground,	21
				for an expiatory rite, in postulation of his cause, (who shall say?)	22
				in her beaver bonnet, the king of the Caucuses, a family all to	23

				himself, under geasa, Themistletocles, on his multilingual tomb-	24
392.25:4	**Kamen,**	kamen	came (plural)	stone, like Navellicky Kamen, and she due to kid by sweetpea	25
				time, with her face to the wall, in view of the poorhouse, and	26
				taking his rust in the oxsight of Iren, under all the auspices, amid	27
				the rattle of hailstorms, kalospintheochromatokreening, with her	28
				ivyclad hood, and gripping an old pair of curling tongs, belong-	29
				ing to Mrs Duna O'Cannell, to blow his brains with, till the	30
392.31:6	**Bristolhut,**	Hut	hat	heights of Newhigherland heard the Bristolhut, with his can of	31
				tea and a purse of alfred cakes from Anne Lynch and two cuts of	32
				Shackleton's brown loaf and dilisk, waiting for the end to come.	33
				Gordon Heighland, when you think of it! The merthe dirther!	34
				Ah ho! It was too bad entirely! All devoured by active parlour-	35
				men, laudabiliter, of woman squelch and all on account of the	36
				FW 393	
				smell of Shakeletin and scratchman and his mouth watering, acid	1
				and alkolic; signs on the salt, and so now pass the loaf for Christ	2
				sake. Amen. And so. And all.	3
				Matt. And loaf. So that was the end. And it can't be helped.	4
				Ah, God be good to us! Poor Andrew Martin Cunningham!	5
				Take breath! Ay! Ay!	6

				And still and all at that time of the dynast days of old konning	7
393.08:4	**Bargomuster Bart,**	Bürgermeister	mayor	Soteric Sulkinbored and Bargomuster Bart, when they struck coil	8
393.08:4	**Bargomuster Bart,**	Muster	pattern, paragon		
393.08:4	**Bargomuster Bart,**	Bart	beard		
				and shock haunts, in old Hungerford-on-Mudway, where first I	9
				met thee oldpoetryck flied from may, and the Finnan haddies and	10
				the Noal Sharks and the muckstails turtles like an acoustic pot-	11
393.12:4	**griesouper**	Gries Suppe	semolina soup	tish and the griesouper bullyum and how he poled him up his	12
				boccat of vuotar and got big buzz for his name in the airweek's	13
				honours from home, colonies and empire, they were always with	14
				assisting grace, thinking (up) and not forgetting about shims and	15
393.16:10	**hosenbands,**	Hosenband	belt, garter	shawls week, in auld land syne (up) their four hosenbands, that	16
				were four (up) beautiful sister misters, now happily married, unto	17
				old Gallstonebelly, and there they were always counting and con-	18
				tradicting every night 'tis early the lovely mother of periwinkle	19
				buttons, according to the lapper part of their anachronism (up	20
				one up two up one up four) and after that there now she was,	21
				in the end, the deary, soldpowder and all, the beautfour sisters,	22
				and that was her mudhen republican name, right enough, from	23

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				alum and oves, and they used to be getting up from under, in	24
				their tape and straw garlands, with all the worries awake in their	25
				hair, at the kookaburra bell ringring all wrong inside of them	26
				(come in, come on, you lazy loafs!) all inside their poor old Shan-	27
				don bellbox (come out to hell, you lousy louts!) so frightened,	28
				for the dthclangavore, like knockneeghs bumpsed by the fister-	29
				man's straights, (ys! ys!), at all hours every night, on their mistle-	30
				toes, the four old oldsters, to see was the Transton Postscript	31
393.32:4	**oerkussens**	Ohr	ear	come, with their oerkussens under their armsaxters, all puddled	32
393.32:4	**oerkussens**	Küssen	kisses		
393.32:7	**armsaxters**	Achsel	armpit		
				and mythified, the way the wind wheeled the schooler round,	33
393.34:7	**rusten,**	rüsten	arm, equip for war	when nobody wouldn't even let them rusten, from playing	34
393.35:2	**gastspiels,**	Gastspiel	performance by guest ensemble	their gastspiels, crossing their sleep by the shocking silence,	35
				when they were in dreams of yore, standing behind the	36
				FW 394	
				door, or leaning out of the chair, or kneeling under the sofa-	1
				cover and setting on the souptureen, getting into their way	2

				something barbarous, changing the one wet underdown convi-	3
				brational bed or they used to slumper under, when hope was there	4
				no more, and putting on their half a hat and falling over all synop-	5
				ticals and a panegyric and repeating themselves, like svvollovv-	6
				ing, like the time they were dadging the talkeycook that chased	7
				them, look look all round the stool, walk everywhere for a jool,	8
				to break fyre to all the rancers, to collect all and bits of brown,	9
				the rathure's evelopment in spirits of time in all fathom of space	10
				and slooping around in a bawneen and bath slippers and go away	11
				to Oldpatrick and see a doctor Walker. And after that so glad	12
				they had their night tentacles and there they used to be, flapping	13
				and cycling, and a dooing a doonloop, panementically, around	14
394.15:13	**Foehn**	Föhn	South wind	the waists of the ships, in the wake of their good old Foehn	15
				again, as tyred as they were, at their windswidths in the	16
				waveslength, the clipperbuilt and the five fourmasters and	17
				Lally of the cleftoft bagoderts and Roe of the fair cheats, ex-	18
				changing fleas from host to host, with arthroposophia, and he	19
				selling him before he forgot, issle issle, after having prealably	20
				dephlegmatised his gutterful of throatyfrogs, with a lungible fong	21
				in his suckmouth ear, while the dear invoked to the coolun dare	22
				by a palpabrows lift left no doubt in his minder, till he was in-	23
				stant and he was trustin, sister soul in brother hand, the subjects	24

				being their passion grand, that one fresh from the cow about	25
394.26:11	**Engrvakon**	eng	narrow	Aithne Meithne married a mailde and that one too from Engr-	26
				vakon saga abooth a gooth a gev a gotheny egg and the park-	27
394.28:8	**kinne,**	Kinne	chins	side pranks of quality queens, katte efter kinne, for Earl Hooved-	28
				soon's choosing and Huber and Harman orhowwhen theeupon-	29
				thus (chchch!) eysolt of binnoculises memostinmust egotum	30
				sabcunsciously senses upers the deprofundity of multimathema-	31
				tical immaterialities wherebejubers in the pancosmic urge the	32
				allimmanence of that which Itself is Itself Alone (hear, O hear,	33
				Caller Errin!) exteriorises on this ourherenow plane in disunited	34
				solod, likeward and gushious bodies with (science, say!) peril-	35
				whitened passionpanting pugnoplangent intuitions of reunited	36
				FW 395	
				selfdom (murky whey, abstrew adim!) in the higherdimissional	1
				selfless Allself, theemeeng Narsty meetheeng Idoless, and telling	2
				Jolly MacGolly, dear mester John, the belated dishevelled, hack-	3
395.04:11	**analist,**	List	cunning, trickery	ing away at a parchment pied, and all the other analist, the	4
				steamships ant the ladies'foursome, ovenfor, nedenfor, dinkety,	5
				duk, downalupping, (how long tandem!) like a foreretyred schoon-	6
				masters, and their pair of green eyes and peering in, so they say, like	7

				the narcolepts on the lakes of Coma, through the steamy win-
				dows, into the honeymoon cabins, on board the big steamadories,
				made by Fumadory, and the saloon ladies' madorn toilet chambers
				lined over prawn silk and rub off the salty catara off a windows
395.12:11	**, oben**	oben	over, upward	and, hee hee, listening, *qua* committe, the poor old quakers, oben
				the dure, to see all the hunnishmooners and the firstclass ladies,
				serious me, a lass spring as you fancy, and sheets far from the lad,
				courting in blankets, enfamillias, and, shee shee, all improper, in a
				lovely mourning toilet, for the rosecrumpler, the thrilldriver, the
				sighinspirer, with that olive throb in his nude neck, and, swayin
				and thayin, thanks ever so much for the tiny quote, which sought
				of maid everythingling again so very much more delightafellay,
				and the perfidly suite of her, bootyfilly yours, under all their
				familiarities, by preventing grace, forgetting to say their grace be-
				fore chambadory, before going to boat with the verges of the
395.23:4	**opering**	Oper	opera	chaptel of the opering of the month of Nema Knatut, so pass the
				poghue for grace sake. Amen. And all, hee hee hee, quaking, so
				fright, and, shee shee, shaking. Aching. Ay, ay.
				For it was then a pretty thing happened of pure diversion
				mayhap, when his flattering hend, at the justright moment, like
395.28:12	**poot**	Pute	hen	perchance some cook of corage might clip the lad on a poot of
				porage handshut his duckhouse, the vivid girl, deaf with love,

				(ah sure, you know her, our angel being, one of romance's fade-	30
				less wonderwomen, and, sure now, we all know you dote on	31
				her even unto date!) with a queeleetlecree of joysis crisis she	32
				renulited their disunited, with ripy lepes to ropy lopes (the dear	33
				o'dears!) and the golden importunity of aloofer's leavetime,	34
				when, as quick, is greased pigskin, Amoricas Champius, with one	35
				aragan throust, druve the massive of virilvigtoury flshpst the	36
				FW 396	
				both lines of forwards (Eburnea's down, boys!) rightjingbangshot	1
				into the goal of her gullet.	2
				Alris!	3
				And now, upright and add them! And plays be honest! And	4
				pullit into yourself, as on manowoman do another! Candidately,	5
396.06:7	**, meng,**	menge	mix	everybody! A mot for amot. Comong, meng, and douh! There	6
396.06:7	**, meng,**	Menge	crowd		
				was this, wellyoumaycallher, a strapping modern old ancient	7
				Irish prisscess, so and so hands high, such and such paddock	8
				weight, in her madapolam smock, nothing under her hat but	9
				red hair and solid ivory (now you know it's true in your	10
				hardup hearts!) and a firstclass pair of bedroom eyes, of most	11

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396.12:1	**unhomy**	(literally) unheimlich	uncanny	unhomy blue, (how weak we are, one and all!) the charm	12
				of favour's fond consent! Could you blame her, we're saying,	13
				for one psocoldlogical moment? What would Ewe do? With	14
				that so tiresome old milkless a ram, with his tiresome duty	15
				peck and his bronchial tubes, the tiresome old hairyg orangogran	16
				beaver, in his tiresome old twennysixandsixpenny sheopards	17
				plods drowsers and his thirtybobandninepenny tails plus toop!	18
				Hagakhroustioun! It were too exceeding really if one woulds	19
				to offer at sulk an oldivirdual a pinge of hinge hit. The	20
				mainest thing ever! Since Edem was in the boags noavy. No, no,	21
				the dear heaven knows, and the farther the from it, if the whole	22
				stole stale mis betold, whoever the gulpable, and whatever the	23
				pulpous was, the twooned togethered, and giving the mhost	24
				phassionable wheathers, they were doing a lally a lolly a dither	25
				a duther one lelly two dather three lilly four dother. And it was	26
				a fiveful moment for the poor old timetetters, ticktacking, in tenk	27
				the count. Till the spark that plugged spared the chokee he	28
				gripped and (volatile volupty, how brieved are thy lunguings!)	29
				they could and they could hear like of a lisp lapsing, that	30
				was her knight of the truths thong plipping out of her chapell-	31
				ledeosy, after where he had gone and polped the questioned.	32

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				Plop.	33
				Ah now, it was tootwoly torrific, the mummurrlubejubes! And	34
				then after that they used to be so forgetful, counting mother-	35
				peributts (up one up four) to membore her beaufu moulder	36
				FW 397	
397.01:4	**overflauwing,**	flau	lukewarm	maiden name, for overflauwing, by the dream of woman the	1
				owneirist, in forty lands. From Greg and Doug on poor Greg	2
				and Mat and Mar and Lu and Jo, now happily buried, our four!	3
				And there she was right enough, that lovely sight enough, the	4
397.05:3	**asthore,**	Ast	branch	girleen bawn asthore, as for days galore, of planxty Gregory.	5
				Egory. O bunket not Orwin! Ay, ay.	6
				But, sure, that reminds me now, like another tellmastory re-	7
				peating yourself, how they used to be in lethargy's love, at the	8
				end of it all, at that time (up) always, tired and all, after doing the	9
				mousework and making it up, over their community singing	10
				(up) the top loft of the voicebox, of Mamalujo like the senior	11
				follies at murther magrees, squatting round, two by two, the four	12
				confederates, with Caxons the Coswarn, up the wet air register	13
				in Old Man's House, Millenium Road, crowning themselves in	14
				lauraly branches, with their cold knees and their poor (up) quad	15

				rupeds, ovasleep, and all dolled up, for their blankets and materny	16
				mufflers and plimsoles and their bowl of brown shackle and	17
				milky and boterham clots, a potion a peace, a piece aportion, a	18
				lepel alip, alup a lap, for a cup of kindest yet, with hold take hand	19
				and nurse and only touch of ate, a lovely munkybown and for	20
				xmell and wait the pinch and prompt poor Marcus Lyons to be not	21
				beheeding the skillet on for the live of ghosses but to pass the teeth	22
397.23:4	**, Amensch,**	Mensch	human being	for choke sake, Amensch, when it so happen they were all syca-	23
				more and by the world forgot, since the phlegmish hoopicough,	24
				for all a possabled, after ete a bad cramp and johnny magories, and	25
				backscrat the poor bedsores and the farthing dip, their caschal	26
				pandle of magnegnousioum, and read a letter or two every night,	27
				before going to dodo sleep atrance, with their catkins coifs, in	28
				the twilight, a capitaletter, for further auspices, on their old one	29
				page codex book of old year's eve 1132, M.M.L.J. old style, their	30
				Senchus Mor, by his fellow girl, the Mrs Shemans, in her summer	31
				seal houseonsample, with the caracul broadtail, her *totam in*	32
				tutu, final buff noonmeal edition, in the regatta covers, uptenable	33
397.34:6	**regul**	regel	control, regulate	from the orther, for to regul their reves by incubation, and Lally,	34
				through their gangrene spentacles, and all the good or they	35
				did in their time, the rigorists, for Roe and O'Mulcnory a	36

				FW 398	
398.01:3	**Mul**	Müll	garbage	Conry ap Mul or Lap ap Morion and Buffler ap Matty Mac	1
398.02:5	**Podex**	Podex	posterior	Gregory for Marcus on Podex by Daddy de Wyer, old baga-	2
				broth, beeves and scullogues, churls and vassals, in same, sept	3
				and severalty and one by one and sing a mamalujo. To the	4
398.05:7	**braceoelanders**	Öl	oil	heroest champion of Eren and his braceoelanders and Gowan,	5
398.05:7	**braceoelanders**	anders	otherwise, differently		
				Gawin and Gonne.	6
				And after that now in the future, please God, after nonpenal	7
				start, all repeating ourselves, in medios loquos, from where he got	8
				a useful arm busy on the touchline, due south of her western	9
				shoulder down to death and the love embrace, with an interesting	10
				tallow complexion and all now united, sansfamillias, let us ran on	11
				to say oremus prayer and homeysweet homely, after fully realis-	12
				ing the gratifying experiences of highly continental evenements,	13
				for meter and peter to temple an eslaap, for auld acquaintance, to	14
398.15:5	**Farfassa**	Verfasser	author	Peregrine and Michael and Farfassa and Peregrine, for navigants	15
				et peregrinantibus, in all the old imperial and Fionnachan sea and	16
				for vogue awallow to a Miss Yiss, you fascinator, you, sing a	17

				lovasteamadorion to Ladyseyes, here's Tricks and Doelsy, de-	18
				lightfully ours, in her doaty ducky little blue and roll his hoop	19
				and how she ran, when wit won free, the dimply blissed and aw-	20
				fully bucked, right glad we never shall forget, thoh the dayses	21
				gone still they loves young dreams and old Luke with his	22
				kingly leer, so wellworth watching, and Senchus Mor, possessed	23
				of evident notoriety, and another more of the bigtimers, to name	24
				no others, of whom great things were expected in the fulmfilming	25
				department, for the lives of Lazarus and auld luke syne and she	26
398.27:5	**sehehet**	sehe	look	haihaihail her kobbor kohinor sehehet on the praze savohole	27
398.27:5	**sehehet**	sheet	look (plural)		
398.27:5	**sehehet**	Ehe	marriage		
				shanghai.	28
				Hear, O hear, Iseult la belle! Tristan, sad hero, hear! The Lambeg	29
				drum, the Lombog reed, the Lumbag fiferer, the Limibig brazenaze.	30
				Anno Domini nostri sancti Jesu Christi	31
				Nine hundred and ninetynine million pound sterling in the blueblack	32
				bowels of the bank of Ulster.	33
				Braw bawbees and good gold pounds, galore, my girleen, a Sunday'll	34
				prank thee finely.	35

				FW 399	
				And no damn loutll come courting thee or by the mother of the Holy	1
				Ghost there'll be murder!	2
				O, come all ye sweet nymphs of Dingle beach to cheer Brinabride	3
				queen from Sybil surfriding	4
				In her curragh of shells of daughter of pearl and her silverymonnblue	5
				mantle round her.	6
				Crown of the waters, brine on her brow, she'll dance them a jig and	7
				jilt them fairly.	8
				Yerra, why would she bide with Sig Sloomysides or the grogram grey	9
				barnacle gander?	10
				You won't need be lonesome, Lizzy my love, when your beau gets his	11
				glut of cold meat and hot soldiering	12
				Nor wake in winter, window machree, but snore sung in my old	13
				Balbriggan surtout.	14
				Wisha, won't you agree now to take me from the middle, say, of	15
				next week on, for the balance of my days, for nothing (what?)	16
				as your own nursetender?	17

				A power of highsteppers died game right enough— but who, acushla,	18
				'll beg coppers for you?	19
				I tossed that one long before anyone.	20
				It was of a wet good Friday too she was ironing and, as I'm given	21
				now to understand, she was always mad gone on me.	22
				Grand goosegreasing we had entirely with an allnight eiderdown bed	23
				picnic to follow.	24
				By the cross of Cong, says she, rising up Saturday in the twilight	25
				from under me, Mick, Nick the Maggot or whatever your name	26
				is, you're the mose likable lad that's come my ways yet from the	27
				barony of Bohermore.	28
				Mattheehew, Markeehew, Lukeehew, Johnheehewheehew!	29
				Haw!	30
				And still a light moves long the river. And stiller the mermen	31
				ply their keg.	32
				Its pith is full. The way is free. Their lot is cast.	33
				So, to john for a john, johnajeams, led it be!	34

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*Kreutzstrasse 10, Zürich: Joyce lived here
from 15 October 1915 to 31 March 1916, on the third floor.*

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PART THREE:

13. Episode Thirteen (26 pages, from 403 to 428)

FW Address	FW Text	German	English	FW Full Text	
				FW 403	
				Hark!	1
403.02:3	**elf kater**	elf	eleven	Tolv two elf kater ten (it can't be) sax.	2
403.02:3	**elf kater**	Kater	tom-cat; hangover		
403.03:1	**Hork!**	horch	listen	Hork!	3
				Pedwar pemp foify tray (it must be) twelve.	4
				And low stole o'er the stillness the heartbeats of sleep.	5
				White fogbow spans. The arch embattled. Mark as capsules.	6
				The nose of the man who was nought like the nasoes. It is self-	7
				tinted, wrinkling, ruddled. His kep is a gorsecone. He am Gascon	8
				Titubante of Tegmine – sub – Fagi whose fixtures are mobil-	9

				ing so wobiling befear my remembrandts. She, exhibit next, his	10
				Anastashie. She has prayings in lowdelph. Zeehere green egg-	11
403.12:4	**blautoothdma nd**	blau	blue	brooms. What named blautoothdmand is yon who stares? Gu-	12
				gurtha! Gugurtha! He has becco of wild hindigan. Ho, he hath	13
				hornhide! And hvis now is for you. Pensée! The most beautiful	14
403.15:5	**veilch veilchen**	weich	soft	of woman of the veilch veilchen veilde. She would kidds to my	15
403.15:5	**veilch veilchen**	Veilchen	violets		
403.16:9	**aal**	Aal	eel	voult of my palace, with obscidian luppas, her aal in her dhove's	16
				suckling. Apagemonite! Come not nere! Black! Switch out!	17
				Methought as I was dropping asleep somepart in nonland of	18
				where's please (and it was when you and they were we) I heard	19
				at zero hour as 'twere the peal of vixen's laughter among mid-	20
				night's chimes from out the belfry of the cute old speckled church	21
				tolling so faint a goodmantrue as nighthood's unseen violet	22
				rendered all animated greatbritish and Irish objects nonviewable	23
				to human watchers save 'twere perchance anon some glistery	24
				FW404	
				gleam darkling adown surface of affluvial flowandflow as again	1

				might seem garments of laundry reposing a leasward close at	2
				hand in full expectation. And as I was jogging along in a dream as	3
				dozing I was dawdling, arrah, methought broadtone was heard and	4
				the creepers and the gliders and flivvers of the earth breath and	5
404.06:8	**hummers**	Hummer	lobster	the dancetongues of the woodfires and the hummers in their	6
				ground all vociferated echoating: Shaun! Shaun! Post the post!	7
				with a high voice and O, the higher on high the deeper and low,	8
				I heard him so! And lo, mescemed somewhat came of the noise	9
				and somewho might amove allmurk. Now, ‘twas as clump, now	10
				mayhap. When look, was light and now ‘twas as flasher, now	11
				moren as the glaow. Ah, in unlitness ‘twas in very similitude,	12
				bless me, ‘twas his belted lamp! Whom we dreamt was a shaddo,	13
				sure, he’s lightseyes, the laddo! Blessed momence, O romence,	14
				he’s growing to stay! Ay, he who so swayed a will of a wisp	15
				before me, hand prop to hand, prompt side to the pros, dressed	16
				like an earl in just the correct wear, in a classy mac Frieze o’coat	17
				of far suparior ruggedness, indigo braw, tracked and tramped,	18
				and an Irish ferrier collar, freeswinging with mereswin lacers from	19
404.20:2	**shoulthern**	Schultern	shoulders	his shoulthern and thick welted brogues on him hammered to suit	20
				the scotsmost public and climate, iron heels and sparable soles, and	21
				his jacket of providence wellprovided woolies with a softrolling	22
				lisp of a lapel to it and great sealingwax buttons, a good helping	23

				bigger than the slots for them, of twentytwo carrot krasnapopp-	24
				sky red and his invulnerable burlap whiskcoat and his popular	25
				choker, Tamagnum sette-and-forte and his loud boheem toy and	26
				the damasker's overshirt he sported inside, a starspangled zephyr	27
				with a decidedly surpliced crinklydoodle front with his motto	28
				through dear life embrothred over it in peas, rice, and yeggy-	29
				yolk, Or for royal, Am for Mail, R.M.D. hard cash on the nail	30
				and the most successfully carried gigot turnups now you ever,	31
				(what a pairfact crease! how amsolookly kersse!) breaking over	32
				the ankle and hugging the shoeheel, everything the best— none	33
				other from (Ah, then may the turtle's blessings of God and Mary	34
				and Haggispatrick and Huggisbrigid be souptumbling all over	35
				him!) other than (and may his hundred thousand welcome stewed	36
				FW 405	
				letters, relayed wand postchased, multiply, ay faith, and plultiply!)	1
				Shaun himself.	2
				What a picture primitive!	3
				Had I the concordant wiseheads of Messrs Gregory and Lyons	4
				alongside of Dr Tarpey's and I dorsay the reverend Mr Mac	5
				Dougall's, but I, poor ass, am but as their fourpart tinckler's dun-	6

				key. Yet methought Shaun (holy messonger angels be uninter-	7
				ruptedly nudging him among and along the winding ways of	8
				random ever!) Shaun in proper person (now may all the blue-	9
				blacksliding constellations continue to shape his changeable time-	10
				table!) stood before me. And I pledge you my agricultural word	11
				by the hundred and sixty odds rods and cones of this even's	12
				vision that young fellow looked the stuff, the Bel of Beaus'	13
				Walk, a prime card if ever was! Pep? Now without deceit it is	14
				hardly too much to say he was looking grand, so fired smart, in	15
				much more than his usual health. No mistaking that beamish	16
				brow! There was one for you that ne'er would nunch with good	17
				Duke Humphrey but would aight through the months without a	18
				sign of an err in hem and then, otherwise rounding, fourale to the	19
				lees of Traroe. Those jehovial oyeglances! The heart of the rool!	20
				And hit the hencoop. He was immense, topping swell for he was	21
				after having a great time of it, a twentyfour hours every moment	22
405.23:2	**maltsight,**	Mahlzeit	repast; conventional greeting before or after a meal	matters maltsight, in a porterhouse, scutfrank, if you want to	23
				know, Saint Lawzenge of Toole's, the Wheel of Fortune, leave	24
				your clubs in the hall and wait on yourself, no chucks for wal-	25
				nut ketchups, Lazenby's and Chutney graspis (the house the once	26

				queen of Bristol and Balrothery twice admired because her	27
				frumped door looked up Dacent Street) where in the sighed of	28
				lovely eyes while his knives of hearts made havoc he had re-	29
				cruited his strength by meals of spadefuls of mounded food, in	30
				anticipation of the faste of tablenapkins, constituting his three-	31
				partite pranzipal meals *plus* a collation, his breakfast of first, a bless	32
				us O blood and thirsthy orange, next, the half of a pint of becon	33
				with newled googs and a segment of riceplummy padding, met	34
				of sunder suigar and some cold forsoaken steak peatrefired from	35
				the batblack night o'erflown then, without prejuice to evectuals,	36
				FW 406	
				came along merendally his stockpot dinner of a half a pound of	1
				round steak, very rare, Blong's best from Portarlington's Butchery,	2
				with a side of riceypeasy and Corkshire alla mellonge and bacon	3
				with (a little mar pliche!) a pair of chops and thrown in from the	4
				silver grid by the proprietoress of the roastery who lives on the	5
406.06:3	**gaulusch**	Gaul	horse, nag	hill and gaulusch gravy and pumpernickel to wolp up and a	6
				gorger's bulby onion (Margareter, Margaretar Margarastican-	7
				deatar) and as well with second course and then finally, after	8
406.09:8	**Kitzy Braten's**	Kitze	goats, kids	his avalunch oclock snack at Appelredt's or Kitzy Braten's of	9

406.09:8	**Kitzy Braten's**	Braten	roast		
				saddlebag steak and a Botherhim with her old phoenix portar,	10
				jistr to gwen his gwistel and praties sweet and Irish too and mock	11
				gurgle to whistle his way through for the swallying, swp by swp,	12
				and he getting his tongue arount it and Boland's broth broken	13
				into the bargain, to his regret his soupay *avic* nightcap, vitellusit,	14
406.15:7	**eyer**	Eier	eggs	a carusal consistent with second course eyer and becon (the rich	15
				of) with broad beans, hig, steak, hag, pepper the diamond bone	16
				hotted up timmtomm and while'twas after that he scoffed a drake-	17
				ling snuggily stuffed following cold loin of veal more cabbage and	18
				in their green free state a clister of peas, soppositorily petty, last.	19
406.20:7	**rheingenever**	Rhein	Rhine River	P.S. but a fingerhot of rheingenever to give the Pax cum Spiri-	20
				tututu. Drily thankful. Burud and dulse and typureely jam, all	21
				free of charge, aman, and. And the best of wine *avec*. For his	22
				heart was as big as himself, so it was, ay, and bigger! While the	23
406.24:6	**nachtingale**	Nacht	night	loaves are aflowering and the nachtingale jugs. All St Jilian's of	24
406.24:6	**nachtingale**	Nachtigall	nightingale		
				Berry, hurrah there for tobies! Mabhrodaphne, brown pride of our	25
				custard house quay, amiable with repastful, cheerus graciously,	26
				cheer us! Ever of thee, Anne Lynch, he's deeply draiming!	27
				Houseanna! Tea is the Highest! For auld lang Ayternitay! Thus	28
				thicker will he grow now, grew new. And better and better on	29

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406.30:8	**Vanhungrig.**	hungrig	hungry	butterand butter. At the sign of Mesthress Vanhungrig. However!	30
				Mind you, nuckling down to nourritures, were they menuly some	31
				ham and jaffas, and I don't mean to make the ingestion for the	32
				moment that he was guilbey of gulpable gluttony as regards chew-	33
406.34:4	**, biestings be biestings,**	Biest	beast	able boltaballs, but, biestings be biestings, and upon the whole,	34
				when not off his oats, given prelove appetite and postlove pricing	35
				good coup, goodcheap, were it thermidor oogst or floreal may	36
				FW 407	
				while the whistling prairial roysters play, between gormandising	1
				and gourmeteering, he grubbed his tuck all right, deah smorregos,	2
				every time he was for doing dirt to a meal or felt like a bottle of	3
407.04:4	**smag**	mag'	likes	ardilaun arongwith a smag of a lecker biss of a welldressed taart	4
407.04:7	**lecker biss**	Leckerbissen	delicacy		
				or. Though his net intrants wight weighed nought but a flyblow	5
407.06:3	**gross und ganz**	(im) großen und ganzen	by and large, (literally) great and whole	to his gross and ganz afterduepoise. And he was so jarvey jaunty	6
				with a romp of a schoolgirl's completion sitting pretty over his	7
				Oyster Monday print face and he was plainly out on the ramp and	8
407.09:8	**sproke.** #	sprach	spoke	mash, as you might say, for he sproke.	9

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				Overture and beginners!
				When lo (whish, O whish!) mesaw mestreamed, as the green
				to the gred was flew, was flown, through deafths of durkness
				greengrown deeper I heard a voice, the voce of Shaun, vote of
				the Irish, voise from afar (and cert no purer puer palestrine e'er
				chanted panangelical mid the clouds of Tu es Petrus, not
				Michaeleen Kelly, not Mara O'Mario, and sure, what more
407.17:5	**frish**	frisch	fresh	numerose Italicuss ever rawsucked frish uov in urinal?), a brieze
				to Yverzone o'er the brozaozaozing sea, from Inchigeela call
				the way how it suspired (morepork! morepork!) to scented
				nightlife as softly as the loftly marconimasts from Clifden sough
				open tireless secrets (mauveport! mauveport!) to Nova Scotia's
				listing sisterwands. Tubetube!
				His handpalm lifted, his handshell cupped, his handsign pointed,
				his handheart mated, his handaxe risen, his handleaf fallen.
				Helpsome hand that holemost heals! What is het holy! It gested.
				And it said:
				— Alo, alass, aladdin, amobus! Does she lag soft fall means
				rest down? Shaun yawned, as his general address rehearsal,
				(that was antepropreviousday's pigeons-in-a-pie with rough
407.30:9	**overgestern**	(analogue to *über-morgen*, day	day before yesterday	dough for the carrier and the hash-say-ugh of overgestern pluzz

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		after tomorrow)			
407.30:9	**overgestern**	vergeß-	forget		
407.30:9	**overgestern**	Stern	star		
				the ‘stuesday’s shampain in his head, with the memories of the	31
				past and the hicnuncs of the present embelliching the musics of	32
				the futures from Miccheruni’s band) addressing himself *ex alto*	33
				and complaining with vocal discontent it was so close as of	34
407.35:10	**briefs**	Brief	letter	the fact the rag was up and of the briefs and billpasses, a houseful	35
407.36:12	**hesternmost**	gestern	yesterday	of deadheads, of him to dye his paddycoats to morn his hestern-	36
407.36:12	**hesternmost**	Stern	star		
				FW 408	
				most earning, his board in the swealth of his fate as, having	1
				moistened his manducators upon the quiet and scooping molars	2
				and grinders clean with his two fore fingers, he sank his hunk,	3
				dowanouet to resk at once, exhaust as winded hare, utterly spent,	4
				it was all he could do (disgusted with himself that the combined	5
				weight of his tons of iosals was a hundred men’s massed too much	6
				for him), upon the native heath he loved covered kneehigh with	7
				virgin bush, for who who e’er trod sod of Erin could ever sleep	8
				off the turf! Well, I’m liberally dished seeing myself in this trim!	9
				How all too unwordy am I, a mere mailman of peace, a poor loust	10

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				hastehater of the first degree, the principot of Candia, no legs and	11
				a title, for such eminence, or unpro promenade rather, to be much	12
				more exact, as to be the bearer extraordinary of these postoomany	13
				missive on his majesty's service while me and yous and them we're	14
408.15:8	**! Weh**	Weh	woe, pain	extending us after the pattern of reposiveness! Weh is me, yeh is	15
408.15:11	**, yeh**	jäh	sudden, violent		
				ye! I, the mightif beam maircanny, which bit his mirth too early	16
				or met his birth too late! It should of been my other with his	17
				leickname for he's the head and I'm an everdevoting fiend of his.	18
408.19:11	**lofobsed**	Obst	fruit	I can seeze tomirror in tosdays of yer when we lofobsed os so ker.	19
				Those sembal simon pumpkel pieman yers! We shared the twin	20
				chamber and we winked on the one wench and what Sim sobs	21
				todie I'll reeve tomorry, for 'twill be, I have hopes of, Sam	22
				Dizzier's feedst. Tune in, tune on, old Tighe, high, high, high,	23
				I'm thine owelglass. Be old! He looks rather thin, imitating me.	24
				I'm very fond of that other of mine. Fish hands Macsorley!	25
				Elien! Obsequies! Bonzeye! Isaac Egari's Ass! We're the music-	26
				hall pair that won the swimmyease bladdhers at the Guinness	27
408.28:3	**Badeniveagh.**	baden	bathing	gala in Badeniveagh. I ought not to laugh with him on this stage.	28
				But he' such a game loser! I lift my disk to him. Brass and reeds,	29
				brace and ready! How is your napper, Handy, and hownow does	30

				she stand? First he was living to feel what the eldest daughter she was	31
				panseying and last he was dying to know what old Madre Patriack	32
				does be up to. Take this John's Lane in your toastingfourch. Shaun-	33
408.34:9	**coolinder**	lind	soft, gentle	ti and shaunti and shaunti again! And twelve coolinder moons!	34
408.34:9	**coolinder**	linder-	soothe, tranquillize		
				I am no helotwashipper but I revere her! For my own coant! She	35
				has studied! Piscisvendolor! You're grace! Futs dronk of	36
				FW 409	
				Wouldndom! But, Gemini, he's looking frightfully thin! I heard	1
				the man Shee shinging in the pantry bay. Down among the dust-	2
				bins let him lie! Ear! Ear! Not ay! Eye! Eye! For I'm at the heart	3
				of it. Yet I cannot on my solemn merits as a recitativer recollect	4
				ever having done of anything of the kind to deserve of such.	5
				Not the phost of a nation! Nor by a long trollop! I just didn't have	6
				the time to. Saint Anthony Guide!	7
				— But have we until now ever besought you, dear Shaun, we	8
				remembered, who it was, good boy, to begin with, who out of	9
				symphony gave you the permit?	10
				— Goodbye now, Shaun replied, with a voice pure as a church-	11

				mode, in echo rightdainty, with a good catlick tug at his coco-	12
				moss candylock, a foretaste in time of his cabbageous brain's	13
				curlyflower. Athiacaro! Comb his tar odd gee sing your mower	14
				O meeow? Greet thee Good? How are them columbuses! Lard	15
				have mustard on them! Fatiguing, very fatiguing. Hobos horn-	16
409.17:8	**. Poumeerme!**	Meer	sea	knees and the corveeture of my spine. Poumeerme! My heaviest	17
				crux and dairy lot it is, with a bed as hard as the thinkamuddles	18
				of the Greeks and a board as bare as a Roman altar. I'm off	19
				rabbited kitchens and relief porridgers. No later than a very few	20
409.21:1	**fortnichts**	fort	away	fortnichts since I was meeting on the Thinker's Dam with a pair	21
409.21:1	**fortnichts**	nichts	nothing		
				of men out of glasshouse whom I shuffled hands with named	22
				MacBlacks — I think their names is MacBlakes — from the Headfire	23
				Clump — and they were improving me and making me beliek no	24
				five hour factory life with insufficient emollient and industrial	25
				disabled for them that day o'gratises. I have the highest grati-	26
				fication by anuncing how I have it from whowho but Hagios	27
				Colleenkiller's prophecies. After suns and moons, dews and	28
409.29:6	**sabotag.**	Tag	day	wettings, thunders and fires, comes sabotag. *Solvitur palum-*	29
				ballando! Tilvido! Adie!	30
				— Then, we explained, salve a tour, ambly andy, you possibly	31
				might be so by order?	32

				— Forgive me, Shaun repeated from his liquid lipes, not what
				I wants to do a strike of work but it was condemned on me pre-
				mitially by Hireark Books and Chiefoverseer Cooks in their
				Eusebian Concordant Homilies and there does be a power com-
				FW 410
				ing over me that is put upon me from on high out of the book of
				breedings and so as it is becoming hairydittary I have of coerce
				nothing in view to look forward at unless it is Swann and beat-
				ing the blindquarters out of my oldfellow's orologium oloss olo-
				rium. A bad attack of maggot it feels like. 'Tis trope, custodian
				said. Almost might I say of myself, while keeping out of crime,
				I am now becoming about fed up be going circulating about them
				new hikler's highways like them nameless souls, ercked and scorned
				and grizzild all over, till it's rusty October in this bleak forest
				and was veribally complussed by thinking of the crater of some
				noted volcano or the Dublin river or the catchalot trouth subsi-
				dity as away out or to isolate i from my multiple Mes on the
				spits of Lumbage Island or bury meself, clogs, coolcellar and all,
				deep in my wineupon ponteen unless Morrissey's colt could help
				me or the gander maybe at 49 as it is a tithe fish so it is, this

				pig's stomach business, and where on dearth or in the miraculous
				meddle of this expending umniverse to turn since it came into
				my hands I am hopeless off course to be doing anything con-
				cerning.
				— We expect you are, honest Shaun, we agreed, but from
				franking machines, limricked, that in the end it may well turn out,
				we hear to be you, our belated, who will bear these open letter.
410.23:5	**Emailia.**	Email	enamel	Speak to us of Emailia.
				— As, Shaun replied patly, with tootlepick tact too and a
				down of his dampers, to that I have the gumpower and, by the
				benison of Barbe, that is a lock to say with everything, my be-
				loved.
				— Would you mind telling us, Shaun honey, beg little big
410.29:1	**moreboy,**	Mohr	Moor, negro	moreboy, we proposed to such a dear youth, where mostly are
				you able to work. Ah, you might! Whimper and we shall.
				— Here! Shaun replied, while he was fondling one of his
				cowheel cuffs. There's no sabbath for nomads and I mostly was
410.33:12	**eilish**	eilig	hurried	able to walk, being too soft for work proper, sixty odd eilish
				mires a week between three masses a morn and two chaplets at
				eve. I am always telling those pedestriasts, my answerers, Top,
				Sid and Hucky, now (and it is a veriest throth as the thieves' re-

				FW 411	
				scension) how it was forstold for me by brevet for my vacation	1
				in life while possessing stout legs to be disbarred after holy orders	2
				from unnecessary servile work of reckless walking of all sorts for	3
				the relics of my time for otherwise by my so douching I would	4
				get into a blame there where sieves fall out, Excelsior tips the best.	5
				Weak stop work stop walk stop whoak. Go thou this island, one	6
				housesleep there, then go thou other island, two housesleep there,	7
				then catch one nightmaze, then home to dearies. Never back a	8
				woman you defend, never get quit of a friend on whom you	9
				depend, never make face to a foe till he's rife and never get stuck	10
411.11:4	**pfife.**	Pfeife	pipe, whistle	to another man's pfife. Amen, ptah! His hungry will be done! On	11
				the continent as in Eironesia. But believe me in my simplicity I am	12
				awful good, I believe, so I am, at the root of me, praised be right	13
				cheek Discipline! And I can now truthfully declaret before my	14
				Geity's Pantokreator with my fleshfettered palms on the epizzles	15
				of the apossels that I do my reasonabler's best to recite my grocery	16
411.17:4	***mit***	mit	with	beans for mummy *mit* dummy *mot* muthar *mat* bonzar regular,	17
				genuflections enclosed. Hek domov muy, there thou beest on the	18
				hummock, ghee up, ye dog, for your daggily broth, etc., Happy	19
				Maria and Glorious Patrick, etc., etc. In fact, always, have I	20

				believe. Greedo! Her's me hongue!	21
				— And it is the fullsoot of a tarabred. Yet one minute's ob-	22
				servation, dear dogmestic Shaun, as we point out how you have	23
				while away painted our town a wearing greenridinghued.	24
				— O murder mere, how did you hear? Shaun replied, smoil-	25
411.26:3	**ily**	Eile	hurry	ing the ily way up his lampsleeve (it just seemed the natural thing	26
				to do), so shy of light was he then. Well, so be it! The gloom hath	27
				rays, her lump is love. And I will confess to have, yes. Your	28
				diogneses is anonest man's. Thrubedore I did! Inditty I did. All lay	29
				I did. Down with the Saozon ruze! And I am afraid it wouldn't	30
				be my first coat's wasting after striding on the vampire and blaz-	31
				ing on the focoal. See! blazing on the focoal. As see! blazing upon	32
				the foe. Like the regular redshank I am. Impregnable as the mule	33
				himself. Somebody may perhaps hint at an aughter impression	34
411.35:14	**freudful**	Freude	joy	of I was wrong. No such a thing! You never made a more freud-	35
				ful mistake, excuse yourself! What's pork to you means meat to	36
				FW 412	
				me while you behold how I be eld. But it is grandiose by my	1
				ways of thinking from the prophecies. New worlds for all! And	2
				they were scotographically arranged for gentlemen only by a	3

				scripchewer in whofoundland who finds he is a relative. And it	4
				was with my extravert davy. Like glue. Be through. Moyhard's	5
				daynoight, tomthumb. Phwum!	6
				— How mielodorous is thy bel chant, O songbird, and how	7
				exqueezit thine after draught! *Buccinate in Emenia tuba insigni*	8
412.09:8	**phausdheen**	Haus	house	*volumnitatis tuae*. But do you mean, O phausdheen phewn, from	9
				Pontoffbellek till the Kisslemerched our ledan triz will be? we	10
				gathered substantively whether furniture would or verdure var-	11
				nish?	12
				— It is a confoundyous injective so to say, Shaun the fiery	13
				boy shouted, naturally incensed, as he shook the red pepper out	14
				of his auricles. And another time please confine your glaring in-	15
				tinuations to some other mordant body. What on the physiog	16
				of this furnaced planet would I be doing besides your verjuice?	17
				That is more than I can fix, for the teom bihan, anyway. So let I	18
				and you now kindly drop that, angryman! That's not French	19
				pastry. You can take it from me. Understand me when I tell you	20
				(and I will ask you not to whisple, cry golden or quoth mecback)	21
				that under the past purcell's office, so deeply deplored by my	22
				erstwhile elder friend, Miss Enders, poachmistress and gay re-	23
				ceiver ever for in particular to the Scotic Poor Men's Thousand	24
				Gallon Cow Society (I was thinking of her in sthore) allbethey	25

				blessed with twentytwo thousand sorters out of a biggest poss	26
				of twentytwo thousand, mine's won, too much privet stationery	27
412.28:2	**safty**	Saft	juice	and safty quipu was ate up larchly by those nettlesome goats	28
				out of pension greed. *Colpa di Becco, buon apartita!* Proceding,	29
				I will say it is also one of my avowal's intentions, at some time	30
				pease Pod pluse murthers of gout (when I am not prepared to say)	31
				so apt as my pen is upt to scratch, to compound quite the makings	32
				of a verdigrease savingsbook in the form of a pair of capri	33
412.34:9	**Welsfusel**	Wels	(Austrian town)	sheep boxing gloves surrounding this matter of the Welsfusel	34
412.34:9	**Welsfusel**	Fusel	bad brandy, gin		
412.35:4	**sindybuck**	Sündenbock	scapegoat	mascoteers and their sindybuck that saved a city for my publickers,	35
				Nolaner and Browno, Nickil Hopstout, Christcross, so long as,	36
				FW 413	
				thanks to force of destiny, my selary as a paykelt is propaired,	1
				and there is a peg under me and there is a tum till me.	2
				To the Very Honourable The Memory of Disgrace, the Most	3
				Noble, Sometime Sweepyard at the Service of the Writer. Salu-	4
				tem dicint. The just defunct Mrs Sanders who (the Loyd insure	5
413.06:6	**shuft**	Schuft	scoundrel	her!) I was shift and shuft too, with her shester Mrs Shunders,	6

413.06:6	**shuft**	schuft-	work hard		
				both mudical dauctors from highschoolhorse and aslyke as	7
				Easther's leggs. She was the niceliest person of a wellteached non-	8
				party woman that I ever acquired her letters, only too fat, used	9
				to babies and tottydean verbish this is her entertermentdags for	10
				she shuk the bottle and tuk the medascene all times a day. She	11
				was well under ninety, poor late Mrs, and had tastes of the poetics,	12
413.13:5	**pilgarlick**	pilgerlich	like a pilgrim	me having stood the pilgarlick a fresh at sea when the moon also	13
				was standing in a corner of sweet Standerson my ski. P.L.M.	14
				Mevrouw von Andersen was her whogave me a muttonbrooch,	15
				stakkers for her begfirst party. Honour thy farmer and my lit-	16
				ters. This, my tears, is my last will intesticle wrote off in the	17
				strutforit about their absent female assauciations which I, or per-	18
				haps any other person what squaton a toffette, have the honour	19
413.20:6	**sophykussens**	Küssen	kisses	to had upon their polite sophykussens in the real presence of de-	20
				vouted Mrs Grumby when her skin was exposed to the air. O	21
413.22:7	**mund**	Mund	mouth	what must the grief of my mund be for two little ptpt coolies	22
				worth twenty thousand quad herewitdnessed with both's	23
				maddlemass wishes to Pepette for next match from their dearly	24
				beloved Roggers, M.D.D. O.D. May doubling drop of drooght!	25
				Writing.	26
				— Hopsoloosely kidding you are totether with your cadenus	27

				and goat along nose how we shall complete that white paper.	28
				Two venusstas! Biggerstiff! Qweer but gaon! Be trouz and	29
				wholetrouz! Otherwise, frank Shaun, we pursued, what would	30
				be the autobiography of your softbodied fumiform?	31
				— Hooraymost! None whomsoever, Shaun replied, Heavenly	32
				blank! (he had intentended and was peering now rather close to	33
413.34:5	**rubiny**	Rubin	ruby	the paste of his rubiny winklering) though it ought to be more	34
413.34:6	**winklering)**	Winkel	angle, corner		
413.34:6	**winklering)**	wink-	wink, beckon, wave		
				or less rawcawcaw romantical. By the wag, how is Mr Fry? All	35
				of it, I might say, in ex-voto, pay and perks and wooden half-	36
				FW 414	
				pence, some rhino, rhine, O joyoust rhine, was handled over spon-	1
414.02:	**Anders!**	anders	otherwise	daneously by me (and bundle end to my illwishers' Miss Anders!	2
				she woor her wraith of ruins the night she lost I left!) in the ligname	3
				of Mr van Howten of Tredcastles, Clowntalkin, timbreman, among	4
				my prodigits nabobs and navious of every subscription entitled	5
				the Bois in the Boscoor, our evicted tenemants. What I say is (and	6
				I am noen roehorn or culkilt permit me to tell you, if uninformed),	7
				I never spont it. Nor have I the ghuest of innation on me the way	8

				to. It is my rule so. It went anyway like hot pottagebake. And	9
				this brings me to my fresh point. Quoniam, I am as plain as	10
				portable enveloped, inhowmuch, you will now parably receive,	11
				care of one of Mooseyeare Goonness's registered andouterthus	12
				barrels. Quick take um whiffat andrainit. Now!	13
				— So vi et! we responded. Song! Shaun, song! Have mood!	14
				Hold forth!	15
				— I apologuise, Shaun began, but I would rather spinooze	16
				you one from the grimm gests of Jacko and Esaup, fable one,	17
				feeble too. Let us here consider the casus, my dear little cousis	18
414.19:1	**husstenhasste n- [centum]**	Husten	cough	(husstenhasstencaffincoffintussemtossemdamandamnacosaghcusa-	19
414.19:1	**husstenhasste n- [centum]**	Haß	hate		
414.19:1	**husstenhasste n- [centum]**	hast'n	have a		
				ghhobixhatouxpeswchbechoscashlcarcarcaract) of the Ondt and	20
				the Gracehoper.	21
414.22:9	**akkant**	Kant	(philosopher)	The Gracehoper was always jigging ajog, hoppy on akkant	22
414.22:9	**akkant**	Kante	edge		
				of his joyicity, (he had a partner pair of findlestilts to supplant	23
				him), or, if not, he was always making ungraceful overtures to	24

414.25:1	**Floh**	Floh	flea	Floh and Luse and Bienie and Vespatilla to play pupa-pupa and	25
414.25:5	**Bienie**	Biene	bee		
414.25:10	**pupa-pupa**	Puppe	doll		
414.26:3	**langtennas**	lang	long	pulicy-pulicy and langtennas and pushpygyddyum and to com-	26
				mence insects with him, there mouthparts to his orefice and his	27
414.28:11	**, ameng**	Menge	lot of, crowd	gambills to there airy processes, even if only in chaste, ameng	28
				the everlistings, behold a waspering pot. He would of curse	29
				melissciously, by his fore feelhers, flexors, contractors, depres-	30
				sors and extensors, lamely, harry me, marry me, bury me, bind	31
				me, till she was puce for shame and allso fourmish her in Spin-	32
				ner’s housery at the earthsbest schoppinhour so summery as his	33
				cottage, which was cald fourmillierly Tingsomingenting, groped	34
				up. Or, if he was always striking up funny funereels with Bester-	35
				farther Zeuts, the Aged One, with all his wigeared corollas, albe-	36
				FW 415	
				dinous and oldbuoyant, inscythe his elytrical wormcasket and	1
				Dehlia and Peonia, his druping nymphs, bewheedling him, com-	2
				pound eyes on hornitosehead, and Auld Letty Plussiboots to	3
				scratch his cacumen and cackle his tramsitus, diva deborah (seven	4
				bolls of sapo, a lick of lime, two spurts of fussfor, threefurts of	5

415.06:4	**o'shouker,**	Zucker	sugar	sulph, a shake o'shouker, doze grains of migniss and a mesfull of	6
415.07:7	**whaal**	Wal	whale	midcap pitchies. The whool of the whaal in the wheel of the	7
415.07:7	**whaal**	Wahl	choice, selection		
				whorl of the Boubou from Bourneum has thus come to taon!),	8
				and with tambarins and cantoridettes soturning around his eggs-	9
415.10:8	**, beck**	Becken	pelvis, bowl	hill rockcoach their dance McCaper in retrophoebia, beck from	10
415.10:8	**, beck**	Beck (dialect)	baker		
				bulk, like fantastic disossed and jenny aprils, to the ra, the ra, the	11
415.12:4	**langsome [...] langsome**	langsam	slow	ra, the ra, langsome heels and langsome toesis, attended to by a	12
415.13:1	**mutter**	Mutter	mother	mutter and doffer duffmatt baxingmotch and a myrmidins of	13
415.13:4	**duffmatt**	matt	lifeless, mate (chess)		
				pszozlers pszinging *Satyr's Caudledayed Nice* and *Hombly,*	14
				Dombly Sod We Awhile but *Ho, Time Timeagen, Wake!* For if	15
415.16:6	**uns**	uns	us	sciencium (what's what) can mute uns nought, 'a thought,	16
				abought the Great Sommboddy within the Omniboss, perhops an	17
				artsaccord (hoot's hoot) might sing ums tumtim abutt the Little	18
				Newbuddies that ring his panch. A high old tide for the bar-	19
415.20:9	**! Fudder**	Vater	father	heated publics and the whole day as gratiis! Fudder and lighting	20
415.20:9	**! Fudder**	Futter	fodder		
415.21:2	**ally looty,**	alle Leute	everyone	for ally looty, any filly in a fog, for O'Cronione lags acrumbling	21

				in his sands but his sunsunsuns still tumble on. Erething above	22
				ground, as his Book of Breathings bed him, so as everwhy, sham	23
				or shunner, zeemliangly to kick time.	24
415.25:9	**bagateller**	Teller	plate	Grouscious me and scarab my sahul! What a bagateller it is!	25
415.26:8	**zeit**	Zeit	time	Libelulous! Inzanzarity! Pou! Pschla! Ptuh! What a zeit for the	26
415.27:9	**sommerfool,**	Sommer	summer	goths! vented the Ondt, who, not being a sommerfool, was	27
415.27:9	**sommerfool,**	Sommervogel	butterfly		
				thothfolly making chilly spaces at hisphex affront of the icinglass	28
415.29:8	**Nixnixundnix.**	nix (nichts)	nothing	of his windhame, which was cold antitopically Nixnixundnix.	29
415.29:8	**Nixnixundnix.**	und	and		
				We shall not come to party at that lopp's, he decided possibly,	30
				for he is not on our social list. Nor to Ba's berial nether, thon	31
				sloghard, this oldeborre's yaar ablong as there's a khul on a khat.	32
415.33:1	**. Nefersenless,**	Fersen	heels	Nefersenless, when he had safely looked up his ovipository, he	33
				loftet hails and prayed: May he me no voida water! Seekit Ha-	34
415.35:6	**tile**	teil	divide, part	tup! May no he me tile pig shed on! Suckit Hotup! As broad as	35
415.35:6	**tile**	Anteil	share		
				Beppy's realm shall flourish my reign shall flourish! As high as	36
				FW 416	
				Heppy's hevn shall flurrish my haine shall hurrish! Shall grow,	1

				shall flourish! Shall hurrish! Hummum.	2
416.03:5	**weltall**	Weltall	universe	The Ondt was a weltall fellow, raumybult and abelboobied,	3
416.03:7	**, raumybult**	Raum	space		
416.04:1	**bynear saw [...] wee**	beinah so…wie	almost as…as	bynear saw altitudinous wee a schelling in kopfers. He was sair	4
416.04:6	**schelling**	Schelling	(philosopher)		
416.04:6	**schelling**	Schelle	bell; handcuff		
416.04:8	**kopfers.**	Kopf	head		
416.04:11	**sair sair**	sehr	very		
416.05:9	**making spaces**	Spaß machen	make jokes, have fun	sair sullemn and chairmanlooking when he was not making spaces	5
416.06:5	**, laus!**	Laus	louse	in his psyche, but, laus! when he wore making spaces on his ikey,	6
				he ware mouche mothst secred and muravyingly wisechairman-	7
				looking. Now whim the sillybilly of a Gracehoper had jingled	8
				through a jungle of love and debts and jangled through a jumble	9
416.10:6	**, wetting**	wetten	bet	of life in doubts afterworse, wetting with the bimblebeaks, drik-	10
416.11:6	**durrydunglecks**	Unglück	misfortune, accident	king with nautonects, bilking with durrydunglecks and horing	11
416.11:6	**durrydunglecks**	leck-	lick, leak		
416.11:8	**horing**	hören	listen		
416.12:3	***(ichnehmon***	ich nehm' an	I assume	after ladybirdies (*ichnehmon diagelegenaitoikon*) he fell joust as	12

416.12:4	***diagelegenaito ikon*)**	die Gelegenheit	the opportunity; affair		
416.13:1	**sieck**	siech	infirm	sieck as a sexton and tantoo pooveroo quant a churchprince, and	13
416.14:11	**for grub**	vergrab-	bury	wheer the midges to wend hemsylph or vosch to sirch for grub	14
416.14:11	**for grub**	grub	dug		
416.15:11	**wist gnit!**	wis nit (weiß nicht)	does not know	for his corapusse or to find a hospes, alick, he wist gnit! Bruko	15
416.16:1	**dry!**	drei	three	dry! fuko spint! Sultamont osa bare! And volomundo osi vide-	16
416.16:3	**spint!**	spinnt	is mad, raving		
416.16:8	**volomundo**	Mund	mouth		
416.17:2	**! Nichtsnichts-undnichts!**	nichts und	nothing and	vide! Nichtsnichtsundnichts! Not one pickopeck of muscow-	17
				money to bag a tittlebits of beebread! Iomio! Iomio! Crick's	18
				corbicule, which a plight! O moy Bog, he contrited with melan-	19
				ctholy. Meblizzered, him sluggered! I am heartily hungry!	20
416.21:9	**lustres,**	Lüster	chandeliers	He had eaten all the whilepaper, swallowed the lustres, de-	21
				voured forty flights of styearcases, chewed up all the mensas and	22
416.23:6	**mundballs**	Mund	mouth	seccles, ronged the records, made mundballs of the ephemerids	23
				and vorasioused most glutinously with the very timeplace in the	24
416.25:8	**neutriment**	neu	new	ternitary — not too dusty a cicada of neutriment for a chittinous	25
				chip so mitey. But when Chrysalmas was on the bare branches,	26
				off he went from Tingsomingenting. He took a round stroll and	27

				he took a stroll round and he took a round strollagain till the	28
416.29:1	**grillies**	Grille	cricket; whim, sad thought	grillies in his head and the leivnits in his hair made him thought	29
				he had the Tossmania. Had he twicycled the sees of the deed	30
				and trestraversed their revermer? Was he come to hevre with his	31
				engiles or gone to hull with the poop? The June snows was	32
416.33:6	**hegelstomes,**	Hagel	hail	flocking in thuckflues on the hegelstomes, millipeeds of it and	33
416.33:6	**hegelstomes,**	Hegel	(philosopher)		
				myriopoods, and a lugly whizzling tournedos, the Boraborayel-	34
416.35:3	**tegolhuts**	Tegel	bluish green marl	lers, blohablasting tegolhuts up to tetties and ruching sleets off	35
416.35:3	**tegolhuts**	Hut	hat		
416.35:8	**ruching**	(Ge)ruch	smell		
416.35:8	**ruching**	rutschen	slide		
				the coppeehouses, playing ragnowrock rignewreck, with an irri-	36
				FW 417	
417.01:4	**spuk.**	spuck	spit	tant, penetrant, siphonopterous spuk. Grausssssss! Opr!	1
417.01:4	**spuk.**	spuk	haunt; uproar		
417.01:5	**Grausssssss! Opr!**	Graus	horror		
417.01:5	**Grausssssss!**	Oper	opera		

	Opr!				
				Grausssssss! Opr!	2
				The Gracehoper who, though blind as batflea, yet knew, not	3
417.04:6	**smetterling**	Schmetterling	butterfly	a leetle beetle, his good smetterling of entymology asped niss-	4
				unitimost lous nor liceens but promptly tossed himself in the	5
				vico, phthin and phthir, on top of his buzzer, tezzily wondering	6
				wheer would his aluck alight or boss of both appease and the	7
				next time he makes the aquinatance of the Ondt after this they	8
417.09:6	**umsummables ,**	umsumm-	buzz around	have met themselves, these mouschical umsummables, it shall be	9
				motylucky if he will beheld not a world of differents. Behailed	10
417.11:2	**Gross**	groß	great	His Gross the Ondt, prostrandvorous upon his dhrone, in his	11
				Papylonian babooshkees, smolking a spatial brunt of Hosana	12
417.13:4	**farfalling**	verfallen	disintegrate	cigals, with unshrinkables farfalling from his unthinkables,	13
				swarming of himself in his sunnyroom, sated before his com-	14
				fortumble phullupsuppy of a plate o'monkynous and a confucion	15
				of minthe (for he was a conformed aceticist and aristotaller), as	16
417.17:12	**Floh**	Floh	flea	appi as a oneysucker or a baskerboy on the Libido, with Floh	17
417.18:12	**Bieni**	Biene	bee	biting his leg thigh and Luse lugging his luff leg and Bieni bussing	18
				him under his bonnet and Vespatilla blowing cosy fond tutties	19
				up the allabroad length of the large of his smalls. As entomate	20
				as intimate could pinchably be. Emmet and demmet and be jiltses	21

417.22:6	**schneezed**	Schnee	snow	crazed and be jadeses whipt! schneezed the Gracehoper, aguepe	22
417.23:10	**eyeforsight!**	Eifersucht	jealousy	with ptchjelasys and at his wittol's indts, what have eyeforsight!	23
417.24:10	**aspinne,**	Spinne	spider	The Ondt, that true and perfect host, a spiter aspinne, was	24
417.25:4	**spass**	Spaß	fun, joke	making the greatest spass a body could with his queens lace-	25
417.26:5	**spizzing**	spitzig	acute, sarcastic	swinging for he was spizzing all over him like thingsumanything	26
417.26:5	**spizzing**	spritzen	squirt		
				in formicolation, boundlessly blissfilled in an allallahbath of	27
417.28:4	**ameising**	Ameisen	ants	houris. He was ameising himself hugely at crabround and mary-	28
417.28:4	**ameising**	Meise	titmouse		
417.29:3	**Floh**	Floh	flea	pose, chasing Floh out of charity and tickling Luse, I hope too,	29
417.30:3	**Bienie,**	Biene	bee	and tackling Bienie, faith, as well, and jucking Vespatilla jukely	30
417.30:8	**jucking**	jucken	itch		
417.30:10	**jukely**	jucke-	itch		
				by the chimiche. Never did Dorsan from Dunshanagan dance it	31
				with more devilry! The veripatetic imago of the impossible	32
				Gracehoper on his odderkop in the myre, after his thrice ephe-	33
				meral journeeys, sans mantis ne shooshooe, featherweighed	34
				animule, actually and presumptuably sinctifying chronic's de-	35
				spair, was sufficiently and probably coocoo much for his chorous	36
				FW 418	

418.01:8	**Weeps**	Wespe	wasp	of gravitates. Let him be Artalone the Weeps with his parisites	1
				peeling off him I'll be Highfee the Crackasider. Flunkey Footle	2
				furloughed foul, writing off his phoney, but Conte Carme makes	3
				the melody that mints the money. *Ad majorem l.s.d.! Divi gloriam*.	4
				A darkener of the threshold. Haru? Orimis, capsizer of his ant-	5
				boat, sekketh rede from Evil-it-is, lord of loaves in Amongded.	6
				Be it! So be it! Thou-who-thou-art, the fleet-as-spindhrift,	7
418.08:1	**, impfang**	Empfang	reception, welcome	impfang thee of mine wideheight. Haru!	8
418.08:1	**, impfang**	empfang	received, welcomed		
418.08:1	**, impfang**	impfen	vaccinate		
418.08:4	**mine wideheight.**	meine Weisheit	my wisdom		
				The thing pleased him andt, and andt,	9
				He larved ond he larved on he merd such a nauses	10
				The Gracehoper feared he would mixplace his fauces.	11
				I forgive you, grondt Ondt, said the Gracehoper, weeping,	12
				For their sukes of the sakes you are safe in whose keeping.	13
418.14:2	***Floh***	Floh	flea	*Teach Floh and Luse polkas, show Bienie where's sweet*	14
418.14:7	***Bienie***	Biene	bee		
				And be sure Vespatilla fines fat ones to heat.	15

				As I once played the piper I must now pay the count	16
				So saida to Moyhammlet and marhaba to your Mount!	17
				Let who likes lump above so what flies be a full 'un;	18
				I could not feel moregruggy if this was prompollen.	19
418.20:7	***horsegift***	Gift	poison	*I pick up your reproof, the horsegift of a friend,*	20
				For the prize of your save is the price of my spend.	21
				Can castwhores pulladeftkiss if oldpollocks forsake 'em	22
				Or Culex feel etchy if Pulex don't wake him?	23
				A locus to loue, a term it t'embarass,	24
				These twain are the twins that tick Homo Vulgaris.	25
				Has Aquileone nort winged to go syf	26
				Since the Gwyfyn we were in his farrest drewbryf	27
418.28:6	**beseeked**	besiegt	conquered	*And that Accident Man not beseeked where his story ends*	28
418.28:6	**beseeked**	besucht	visited		
				Since longsephyring sighs sought heartseast for their orience?	29
				We are Wastenot with Want, precondamned, two and true,	30
				Till Nolans go volants and Bruneyes come blue.	31
				Ere those gidflirts now gadding you quit your mocks for my gropes	32
				An extense must impull, an elapse must elopes,	33
				Of my tectucs takestock, tinktact, and ail's weal;	34
				As I view by your farlook hale yourself to my heal.	35

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				Partiprise my thinwhins whiles my blink points unbroken on	1
				Your whole's whercabroads with Tout's trightyright token on.	2
				My in risible universe youdly haud find	3
419.04:1	***Sulch***	solch	such	*Sulch oxtrabeeforeness meat soveal behind.*	4
419.04:4	***soveal***	so viel	so much		
419.04:4	***soveal***	sowohl	as well as		
				Your feats end enormous, your volumes immense,	5
				(May the Graces I hoped for sing your Ondtship song sense!),	6
				Your genus its worldwide, your spacest sublime!	7
				But, Holy Saltmartin, why can't you beat time?	8
				In the name of the former and of the latter and of their holo-	9
				caust. Allmen.	10
				— Now? How good you are in explosition! How farflung is	11
419.12:5	**velktingeling**	welk-	withered	your fokloire and how velktingeling your volupkabulary! *Qui*	12
419.12:5	**velktingeling**	geling-	succeed		
				vive sparanto qua muore contanto. O foibler, O flip, you've that	13
419.14:1	**wandervogl**	Wandervogel	bird of passage (youth movement)	wandervogl wail withyin! It falls easily upon the earopen and goes	14
				down the friskly shortiest like treacling tumtim with its tingting-	15

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				taggle. The blarneyest blather in all Corneywall! But could you,
				of course, decent Lettrechaun, we knew (to change your name of
				not your nation) while still in the barrel, read the strangewrote
				anaglyptics of those shemletters patent for His Christian's Em?
				— Greek! Hand it to me! Shaun replied, plosively pointing to
				the cinnamon quistoquill behind his acoustrolobe. I'm as after-
				dusk nobly Roman as pope and water could christen me. Look
				at that for a ridingpin! I am, thing Sing Larynx, letter potent to
				play the sem backwards like Oscan wild or in shunt Persse trans-
				luding from the Otherman or off the Toptic or anything off the
				types of my finklers in the draught or with buttles, with my oyes
				thickshut and all. But, hellas, it is harrobrew bad on the corns and
				callouses. As far as that goes I associate myself with your remark
				just now from theodicy *re'*furloined notepaper and quite agree in
				your prescriptions for indeed I am, pay Gay, in juxtaposition to
				say it is not a nice production. It is a pinch of scribble, not
				wortha bottle of cabbis. Overdrawn! Puffedly offal tosh! Be-
				sides its auctionable, all about crime and libel! Nothing beyond
				clerical horrors *et omnibus* to be entered for the foreign as second-
				class matter. The fuellest filth ever fired since Charley Lucan's.
				FW 420

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				Flummery is what I would call it if you were to ask me to put it
				on a single dimension what pronounced opinion I might possibly
				orally have about them bagses of trash which the mother and
				Mr Unmentionable (O breed not his same!) has reduced to writ-
				ing without making news out of my sootynemm. When she
				slipped under her couchman. And where he made a cat with a
				peep. How they wore two madges on the makewater. And why
				there were treefellers in the shrubrubs. Then he hawks his hand-
420.09:10	**kookin.**	Kuchen	cake	mud figgers from Francie to Fritzie down in the kookin. Phiz
				is me mother and Hair's me father. Bauv Betty Famm and Pig
				Pig Pike. Their livetree (may it flourish!) by their ecotaph (let it
				stayne!). With balsinbal bimbies swarming tiltop. Comme bien,
				Comme bien! Feefeel! Feefeel! And the Dutches dyin loffin at
				his pon peck de Barec. And all the mound reared. Till he wot not
				wot to begin he should. An infant sailing eggshells on the floor
				of a wet day would have more sabby.
				Letter, carried of Shaun, son of Hek, written of Shem, brother
				of Shaun, uttered for Alp, mother of Shem, for Hek, father of
				Shaun. Initialled. Gee. Gone. 29 Hardware Saint. Lendet till
				Laonum. Baile-Atha-Cliath. 31 Jan. 1132 A.D. Here Com-
				merces Enville. Tried Apposite House. 13 Fitzgibbets. Loco.

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				Dangerous. Tax 9d. B.L. Guineys, esqueer. L.B. Not known at	22
				1132 a. 12 Norse Richmound. Nave unlodgeable. Loved noa's	23
				dress. Sinned, Jetty Pierrse. Noon sick parson. 92 Windsewer.	24
				Ave. No such no. Vale. Finn's Hot. Exbelled from 1014 d. Pull-	25
				down. Fearview. Opened by Miss Take. 965 nighumpledan sexti-	26
420.27:5	**. Roofloss.**	ruf-	call, shout	ffits. Shout at Site. Roofloss. Fit Dunlop and Be Satisfied. Mr.	27
420.27:5	**. Roofloss.**	floß	flowed		
				Domnall O'Domnally. Q.V. 8 Royal Terrors. None so strait.	28
				Shutter up. Dining with the Danes. Removed to Philip's Burke.	29
				At sea. D.E.D. Place scent on. Clontalk. Father Jacob, Rice	30
				Factor. 3 Castlewoos. P.V. Arrusted. J.P. Converted to Hos-	31
				pitalism. Ere the March past of Civilisation. Once Bank of Ireland's.	32
420.33:6	**Milchbroke.**	Milch	milk	Return to City Arms. 2 Milchbroke. Wrongly spilled. Traumcon-	33
420.33:6	**Milchbroke.**	Brücke	bridge		
420.33:9	**. Traumcondraws.**	Traum	dream		
				draws. Now Bunk of England's. Drowned in the Laffey. Here.	34
420.35:5	**. Shown geshotten.**	schon geschossen	already shot	The Reverest Adam Foundlitter. Shown geshotten. 7 Streetpetres.	35
				Since Cabranke. Seized of the Crownd. Well, Sir Arthur. Buy	36

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				FW 421	
				Patersen's Matches. Unto his promisk hands. Blown up last	1
				Lemmas by Orchid Lodge. Search Unclaimed Male. House Con-	2
				damned by Ediles. Back in Few Minutes. Closet for Repeers. 60	3
				Shellburn. Key at Kate's. Kiss. Isaac's Butt, Poor Man. Dalicious	4
				arson. Caught. Missing. Justiciated. Kainly forewarred. Abraham	5
				Badly's King, Park Bogey. Salved. All reddy berried. Hollow and	6
421.07:5	**. Understrumped.**	Strumpf	stocking	eavy. Desert it. Overwayed. Understrumped. Back to the P.O.	7
				Kaer of. Ownes owe M.O. Too Let. To Be Soiled. Cohabited	8
				by Unfortunates. Lost all Licence. His Bouf Toe is Frozen Over.	9
421.10:10	**, ab, Sender.**	Absender	sender, shipper	X, Y and Z, Ltd, Destinied Tears. A.B, ab, Sender. Boston	10
				(Mass). 31 Jun. 13, 12. P.D. Razed. Lawyered. Vacant. Mined.	11
				Here's the Bayleaffs. Step out to Hall out of that, Ereweaker,	12
				with your Bloody Big Bristol. Bung. Stop. Bung. Stop. Cumm	13
				Bumm. Stop. Came Baked to Auld Aireen. Stop.	14
				— Kind Shaun, we all requested, much as we hate to say it,	15
				but since you rose to the use of money have you not, without	16
				suggesting for an instant, millions of moods used up slanguage	17
				tun times as words as the penmarks used out in sinscript with such	18

				hesitancy by your cerebrated brother — excuse me not men-
				tioningahem?
				— CelebrAted! Shaun replied under the sheltar of his brog-
				uish, vigorously rubbing his magic lantern to a glow of full-
				consciousness. HeCitEncy! Your words grates on my ares.
				Notorious I rather would feel inclined to myself in the first place
				to describe Mr O'Shem the Draper with before letter as should
				I be accentually called upon for a dieoguinnsis to pass my opinions,
421.27:5	**irelitz.**	Irrlicht	will o' the wisp	properly spewing, into impulsory irelitz. But I would not care to
421.27:5	**irelitz.**	Eier	eggs	
421.27:5	**irelitz.**	Litz-	braid, lace	
				be so unfruitful to my own part as to swear for the moment posi-
				tively as to the views of Denmark. No, sah! But let me say my
				every belief before my high Gee is that I much doubt of it. I've no
				room for that fellow on my fagroaster, I just can't. As I hourly
				learn from Rooters and Havers through Gilligan's maypoles in
				a nice pathetic notice he, the pixillated doodler, is on his last with
				illegible clergimanths boasting always of his ruddy complexious!
				She, the mammy far, was put up to it by him, the iniquity that
				ought to be depraved of his libertins to be silenced, sackclothed
				FW 422

				and suspended, and placed in irons into some drapyery institution	1
				off the antipopees for wordsharping only if he was klanver enough	2
422.03:5	**fleischcurers**	Fleisch	meat	to pass the panel fleischcurers and the fieldpost censor. Gach!	3
422.03:10	**. Gach!**	gack-	cackle		
422.03:10	**. Gach!**	ach	oh		
				For that is a fullblown fact and well celibated before the four	4
				divorce courts and all the King's paunches, how he has the	5
				solitary from seeing Scotch snakes and has a lowsense for the pro-	6
422.07:9	**brach**	brach	broke	duction of consumption and dalickey cyphalos on his brach	7
				premises where he can purge his contempt and dejeunerate into a	8
				skillyton be thinking himself to death. Rot him! Flannelfeet! Flatty-	9
				ro! I will describe you in a word. Thou. (I beg your pardon.)	10
				Homo! Then putting his bedfellow on me! (like into mike and	11
				nick onto post). The criniman: I'll give it to him for that! Making	12
				the lobbard change hisstops, as we say in the long book! Is he	13
				on whosekeeping or are my! Obnoximost posthumust! With his	14
				unique hornbook and his prince of the apauper's pride, blunder-	15
				ing all over the two worlds! If he waits till I buy him a mossel-	16
				man's present! Ho's nos halfcousin of mine, pigdish! Nor wants	17
				to! I'd famish with the cuistha first. Aham!	18
				— May we petition you, Shaun illustrious, then, to put his	19

				prentis' pride in your aproper's purse and to unravel in your own	20
				sweet way with words of style to your very and most obse-	21
				quient, we suggested, with yet an esiop's foible, as to how?	22
				— Well it is partly my own, isn't it? and you may, ought and	23
				welcome, Shaun replied, taking at the same time, as his hunger	24
				got the bitter of him, a hearty bite out of the honeycomb of his	25
				Braham and Melosedible hat, tryone, tryon and triune. Ann wun-	26
				kum. Sure, I thunkum you knew all about that, honorey causes,	27
				through thelemontary channels long agum. Sure, that is as old as	28
422.29:2	**Baden**	baden	bathing	the Baden bees of Saint Dominoc's and as commonpleas now to	29
				allus pueblows and bunkum as Nelson his trifulgurayous pillar.	30
				However. Let me see, do. Beerman's bluff was what begun it, Old	31
422.32:8	**liliens**	Lilien	lilies	Knoll and his borrowing! And then the liliens of the veldt, Nancy	32
422.32:11	**veldt,**	Welt	world		
				Nickies and Folletta Lajambe! Then mem and hem and the jaque-	33
422.34:4	**Wucherer**	Wucherer	usurer	jack. All about Wucherer and righting his name for him. I regret	34
				to announce, after laying out his litterery bed, for two days she	35
				kept squealing down for noisy priors and bawling out to her	36
				FW 423	
				jameymock farceson in Shemish like a mouther of the incas with	1

				a garcielasso huw Ananymus pinched her tights and about the
				Balt with the markshaire parawag and his loyal divorces, when he
				feraxiously shed ovas in Alemaney, tse tse, all the tell of the tud
				with the bourighevisien backclack, and him, the cribibber like an
				ambitrickster, aspiring like the decan's, fast aslooped in the in-
				trance to his polthronechair with his sixth finger between his cats-
				eye and the index, making his pillgrimace of Childe Horrid, en-
				grossing to his ganderpan what the idioglossary he invented under
423.10:3	**! Hock!**	hock-	squat	hicks hyssop! Hock! Ickick gav him that toock, imitator! And it
				was entirely theck latter to blame. Does he drink because I am sorely
				there shall be no more Kates and Nells. If you see him it took
				place there. It was given meeck, thank the Bench, to assist at the
				whole thing byck special chancery licence. As often as I think of
				that unbloody housewarmer, Shem Skrivenitch, always cutting
423.16:2	**prhose**	Hose	pants	my prhose to please his phrase, bogorror, I declare I get the
				jawache! Be me punting his reflection he'd begin his beogre-
423.18:6	**! Grundtsagar!**	Grund	ground; reason	fright in muddyass ribalds. Digteter! Grundtsagar! Swop beef!
423.18:6	**! Grundtsagar!**	sag-	say	
423.18:6	**! Grundtsagar!**	sogar	even	
423.19:6	**eggschicker,**	schick-	send	You know he's peculiar, that eggschicker, with the smell of old
				woman off him, to suck nothing of his switchedupes. M.D. made
				his *ante mortem* for him. He was grey at three, like sygnus the

				swan, when he made his boo to the public and barnacled up to the
				eyes when he repented after seven. The alum that winters on his
				top is the stale of the staun that will soar when he stambles till
				that hag of the coombe rapes the pad off his lock. He was down
				with the whooping laugh at the age of the loss of reason the
				whopping first time he prediseased me. He's weird, I tell you, and
				middayevil down to his vegetable soul. Never mind his falls
				feet and his tanbark complexion. That's why he was forbidden
				tomate and was warmed off the ricecourse of marrimoney, under
				the Helpless Corpses Enactment. I'm not at all surprised the saint
				kicked him whereby the sum taken Berkeley showed the reason
423.33:4	**— negertop, negertoe, negertoby,**	Neger	Negro	genrously. *Negas, negasti* — negertop, negertoe, negertoby, ne-
423.33:7	**, negrunter!**	Neger	Negro	
423.33:7	**, negrunter!**	runter	downward, down	
				grunter! Then he was pusched out of Thingamuddy's school
				by Miss Garterd, for itching. Then he caught the europicolas and
423.36:8	**Bro Cahlls**	bröckle	crumble	went into the society of jewses. With Bro Cahlls and Fran Czeschs
				FW 424

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424.01:2	**Bruda**	Bruder	brother	and Bruda Pszths and Brat Slavos. One temp when he foiled to	1
424.01:5	**Brat**	brat-	roast		
				be killed, the freak wanted to put his bilingual head intentionally	2
				through the *Ikish Tames* and go and join the clericy as a demoni-	3
				can skyterrier. Throwing dust in the eyes of the Hooley Fer-	4
				mers! He used to be avowdeed as he ought to be vitandist. For	5
				onced I squeaked by twyst I'll squelch him. Then he went to	6
				Cecilia's treat on his solo to pick up Galen. Asbestopoulos! Inku-	7
				pot! He has encaust in the blood. Shim! I have the outmost con-	8
424.09:3	**. Prost bitten!**	Prost!	To your health!	tempt for. Prost bitten! Conshy! Tiberia is waiting on you,	9
424.09:3	**. Prost bitten!**	bitten	ask for, plead		
				arestocrank! Chaka a seagull ticket at Gattabuia and Gabbiano's!	10
				Go o'er the sea, haythen, from me and leave your libber to TCD.	11
424.12:7	**, cram**	Kram	rubbish	Your puddin is cooked! You're served, cram ye! Fatefully	12
				yaourth . . . Ex. Ex. Ex. Ex.	13
				— But for what, thrice truthful teller, Shaun of grace? weakly	14
				we went on to ask now of the gracious one. Vouchsafe to say.	15
				You will now, goodness, won't you? Why?	16
				— For his root language, if you ask me whys, Shaun replied,	17
				as he blessed himself devotionally like a crawsbomb, making act	18
				of oblivion, footinmouther! (what the thickuns else?) which he	19

				picksticked into his lettruce invrention. Ullhodturdenweirmud-	20
424.21:1	**[...] bau [...]**	bau-	build	gaardgringnirurdrmolnirfenrirlukkilokkibaugimandodrrerin-	21
424.22:1	**[...] krinmgern [...]**	Krim	Crimea	surtkrinmgernrackinarockar! Thor's for yo!	22
424.22:1	**[...] krinmgern [...]**	gern	gladly		
				— The hundredlettered name again, last word of perfect lan-	23
				guage. But you could come near it, we do suppose, strong Shaun	24
				O', we foresupposed. How?	25
				— Peax! Peax! Shaun replied in vealar penultimatum. 'Tis	26
				pebils before Sweeney's as he swigged a slug of Jon Jacobsen	27
424.28:4	**sucker**	Zucker	sugar	from his treestem sucker cane. Mildbut likesome! I might as	28
424.28:6	**. Mildbut likesome!**	mild und leise	(Tristan love-death aria)		
				well be talking to the four waves till tibbes grey eves and the	29
				rests asleep. Frost! Nope! No one in his seven senses could as	30
				I have before said, only you missed my drift, for it's being in-	31
				cendiary. Every dimmed letter in it is a copy and not a few of the	32
424.33:1	**silbils**	Silbe	syllable	silbils and wholly words I can show you in my Kingdom of	33
				Heaven. The lowquacity of him! With his threestar monothong!	34
				Thaw! The last word in stolentelling! And what's more right-	35
				down lowbrown schisthematic robblemint! Yes. As he was rising	36

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				FW 425	
				my lather. Like you. And as I was plucking his goosybone. Like	1
				yea. He store the tale of me shur. Like yup. How's that for	2
				Shemese?	3
				— Still in a way, not to flatter you, we fancy you that you are	4
				so strikingly brainy and well letterread in yourshelves as ever were	5
				the Shamous Shamonous, Limited, could use worse of yourself, in-	6
				genious Shaun, we still so fancied, if only you would take your	7
				time so and the trouble of so doing it. Upu now!	8
425.09:9	**muttermelk**	Muttermilch	mother's milk	— Undoubtedly but that is show, Shaun replied, the mutter-	9
425.09:9	**muttermelk**	melk-	to milk		
425.09:9	**muttermelk**	Melk	(Austrian town)		
				melk of his blood donor beginning to work, and while innocent	10
				of disseminating the foul emanation, it would be a fall day I	11
				could not, sole, so you can keep your space and by the power of	12
				blurry wards I am loyable to do it (I am convicted of it!) any time	13
				ever I liked (bet ye fippence off me boot allowance!) with the	14
425.15:1	**allergrossest**	allergrößte	largest of all	allergrossest transfusiasm as, you see, while I can soroquise the	15
				Siamanish better than most, it is an openear secret, be it said,	16
				how I am extremely ingenuous at the clerking even with my	17

425.18:8	**pinsel**	Pinsel	painter's brush	badily left and, arrah go braz, I'd pinsel it with immenuensoes
				as easy as I'd perorate a chickerow of beans for the price of two
				maricles and my trifolium librotto, the authordux Book of Lief,
				would, if given to daylight, (I hold a most incredible faith about
425.22:12	**soamheis**	heiß	be called, hot	it) far exceed what that bogus bolshy of a shame, my soamheis
				brother, Gaoy Fecks, is conversant with in audible black and
				prink. Outragedy of poetscalds! Acomedy of letters! I have
				them all, tame, deep and harried, in my mine's I. And one of
				these fine days, man dear, when the mood is on me, that I
				may willhap cut my throat with my tongue tonight but I will
				be ormuzd moved to take potlood and introvent it Paatryk just
				like a work of merit, mark my words and append to my mark
				twang, that will open your pucktricker's ops for you, broather
425.31:6	**papst**	Papst	pope	brooher, only for, as a papst and an immature and a nayophight
				and a *spaciaman spaciosum* and a hundred and eleven other things,
				I would never for anything take so much trouble of such doing.
				And why so? Because I am altogether a chap too fly and hairyman
				for to infradig the like of that ultravirulence. And by all I hold
				sacred on earth clouds and in heaven I swear to you on my piop
				FW 426

				and oath by the awe of Shaun (and that's a howl of a name!) that
				I will commission to the flames any incendiarist whosoever or
				ahriman howsoclever who would endeavour to set ever annyma
				roner moother of mine on fire. Rock me julie but I will soho!
				And, with that crickcrackcruck of his threelungged squool
				from which grief had usupped every smile, big hottempered
426.07:3	**krenfy**	Kren	horseradish	husky fusky krenfy strenfy pugiliser, such as he was, he virtually
				broke down on the mooherhead, getting quite jerry over her,
				overpowered by himself with the love of the tearsilver that
				he twined through her hair for, sure, he was the soft semplgawn
				slob of the world with a heart like Montgomery's in his showchest
				and harvey loads of feeling in him and as innocent and undesign-
				ful as the freshfallen calef. Still, grossly unselfish in sickself, he
				dished allarmes away and laughed it off with a wipe at his pud-
				gies and a gulp apologetic, healing his tare be the smeyle of his
				oye, oogling around. Him belly no belong sollow mole pigeon.
426.17:1	**. Ally bully.**	alle balle (dialect)	all gone	Ally bully. Fu Li's gulpa. Mind you, now, that he was in the
				dumpest of earnest orthough him jawr war hoo hleepy hor halk
				urthing hurther. Moe like that only he stopped short in looking
				up up upfrom his tide shackled wrists through the ghost of an
426.21:3	**wieds**	wie	how	ocean's, the wieds of pansiful heathvens of joepeter's gaseytotum

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				as they are telling not but were and will be, all told, scruting fore-	22
				back into the fargoneahead to feel out what age in years tropical,	23
				ecclesiastic, civil or sidereal he might find by the sirious pointstand	24
				of Charley's Wain (what betune the spheres sledding along the	25
				lacteal and the mansions of the blest turning on old times) as ere-	26
426.27:8	**dreamskhwin del**	Windel	diaper	while had he craved of thus, the dreamskhwindel necklassoed him,	27
426.27:8	**dreamskhwin del**	Kindel	little child		
				his thumbs fell into his fists and, lusosing the harmonical balance	28
				of his ballbearing extremities, by the holy kettle, like a flask of	29
				lightning over he careened (O the sons of the fathers!) by the	30
				mightyfine weight of his barrel (all that prevented the happering	31
				of who if not the asterisks betwink themselves shall ever?) and,	32
				as the wisest postlude course he could playact, collaspsed in en-	33
				semble and rolled buoyantly backwards in less than a twink-	34
				ling *via* Rattigan's corner out of farther earshot with his highly	35
				curious mode of slipashod motion, surefoot, sorefoot, slickfoot,	36
				FW 427	
427.01:2	**, linkman**	links	left (direction)	slackfoot, linkman laizurely, lampman loungey, and by Killesther's	1
				lapes and falls, with corks, staves and treeleaves and more bub-	2

				bles to his keelrow a fairish and easy way enough as the town cow	3
				cries behind the times in the direction of Mac Auliffe's, the crucet-	4
				house, *Open the Door Softly*, down in the valley before he was	5
427.06:12	**spoorlessly**	spurlos	without a trace	really uprighted ere in a dip of the downs (uila!) he spoorlessly	6
427.07:6	**popo**	Popo	posterior	disappaled and vanesshed, like a popo down a papa, from circular	7
				circulatio. Ah, mean!	8
				Gaogaogaone! Tapaa!	9
				And the stellas were shinings. And the earthnight strewed	10
				aromatose. His pibrook creppt mong the donkness. A reek was	11
427.12:4	**luftstream.**	Luft	air	waft on the luftstream. He was ours, all fragrance. And we were	12
				his for a lifetime. O dulcid dreamings languidous! Taboccoo!	13
427.14:5	**sharmeng!**	Schar	crowd	It was sharming! But sharmeng!	14
427.14:5	**sharmeng!**	Menge	crowd		
				And the lamp went out as it couldn't glow on burning, yep, the	15
				lmp wnt out for it couldn't stay alight.	16
				Well, (how dire do we thee hours when thylike fades!) all's dall	17
427.18:4	**it is to bedowern**	es ist zu bedauern	it is regrettable	and youllow and it is to bedowern that thou art passing hence,	18
427.19:1	**, mine bruder,**	mein Bruder	my brother	mine bruder, able Shaun, with a twhisking of the robe, ere the	19
				morning of light calms our hardest throes, beyond cods' cradle	20
427.21:7	**undfamiliar**	und	and	and porpoise plain, from carnal relations undfamiliar faces, to the	21
				inds of Tuskland where the oliphants scrum till the ousts of	22

427.23:4	**toll**	toll	wild	Amiracles where the toll stories grow proudest, more is the pity,	23
427.24:10	**soo ooft**	so oft	so frequent	but for all your deeds of goodness you were soo ooft and for	24
				ever doing, manomano and myriamilia even to mulimuli, as	25
				our humbler classes, whose virtue is humility, can tell, it is hardly	26
				we in the country of the old, Sean Moy, can part you for, oleypoe,	27
				you were the walking saint, you were, tootoo too stayer, the	28
				graced of gods and pittites and the salus of the wake. Countenance	29
				whose disparition afflictedly fond Fuinn feels. Winner of the	30
				gamings, primed at the studience, propredicted from the story-	31
427.32:7	**! Spickspooksp okesman**	spick	smoke (meat)	bouts, the choice of ages wise! Spickspookspokesman of our	32
427.32:7	**! Spickspooksp okesman**	spuck-	spit		
427.32:7	**! Spickspooksp okesman**	spuk-	haunt		
				specturesque silentiousness! Musha, beminded of us out there in	33
				Cockpit, poor twelve o'clock scholars, sometime or other any-	34
				when you think the time. Wisha, becoming back to us way home	35
				in Biddyhouse one way or either anywhere we miss your smile.	36

				FW 428
				Palmwine breadfruit sweetmeat milksoup! Suasusopo! However!
				Our people here in Somoanesia will not be forgetting you
				and the elders luking and marking the jornies, chalkin up drizzle
				in drizzle out on the four bare mats. How you would be thinking
				in your thoughts how the deepings did it all begin and how you
				would be scrimmaging through your scruples to collar a hold of
				an imperfection being committled. Sireland calls you. Mery Loye
				is saling moonlike. And Slyly mamourneen's ladymaid at Glads-
				house Lodge. Turn your coat, strong character, and tarry among
				us down the vale, yougander, only once more! And may the mosse
				of prosperousness gather you rolling home! May foggy dews be-
				diamondise your hooprings! May the fireplug of filiality reinsure
				your bunghole! May the barleywind behind glow luck to your
				bathershins! 'Tis well we know you were loth to leave us,
				winding your hobbledehorn, right royal post, but, aruah sure,
				pulse of our slumber, dreambookpage, by the grace of Votre
				Dame, when the natural morning of your nocturne blankmerges
				into the national morning of golden sunup and Don Leary gets
				his own back from old grog Georges Quartos as that goodship the

				Jonnyjoys takes the wind from waterloogged Erin's king, you
428.21:2	shiff	Schiff	ship	will shiff across the Moylendsea and round up in your own
				escapology some canonisator's day or other, sack on back, alack!
				digging snow, (not so?) like the good man you are, with your
				picture pockets turned knockside out in the rake of the rain for
				fresh remittances and from that till this in any case, timus tenant,
				may the tussocks grow quickly under your trampthickets and
				the daisies trip lightly over your battercops.

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14. Episode Fourteen (45 pages, from 429 to 473)

FW Address	FW Text	German	English	FW Full Text	
				FW 429	
				Jaunty Jaun, as I was shortly before that made aware, next	1
				halted to fetch a breath, the first cothurminous leg of his night-	2
				stride being pulled through, and to loosen (let God's son now be	3
				looking down on the poor preambler!) both of his bruised	4
429.05:11	**hosen**	Hosen	pants	brogues that were plainly made a good bit before his hosen were,	5
				at the weir by Lazar's Walk (for far and wide, as large as he was	6
				lively, was he noted for his humane treatment of any kind of	7
				abused footgear), a matter of maybe nine score or so barrelhours	8
				distance off as truly he merited to do. He was there, you could	9
				planemetrically see, when I took a closer look at him, that was to	10
				say, (gracious helpings, at this rate of growing our cotted child of	11
				yestereve will soon fill space and burst in systems, so speeds the	12
429.13:3	**altered**	älter-	to age	instant!) amply altered for the brighter, though still the graven	13

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				image of his squarer self as he was used to be, perspiring but
				happy notwithstanding his foot was still asleep on him, the way
				he thought, by the holy januarious, he had a bullock's hoof in his
				buskin, with his halluxes so splendid, through Ireland untran-
				scended, bigmouthed poesther, propped up, restant, against a
				butterblond warden of the peace, one comestabulish Sigurdsen,
				(and where a better than such exsearfaceman to rest from roving
				the laddyown he bootblacked?) who, buried upright like the
				Osbornes, kozydozy, had tumbled slumbersomely on sleep at
				night duty behind the curing station, equilebriated amid the
				embracings of a monopolized bottle.
				FW 430
				Now, there were as many as twentynine hedge daughters out
				of Benent Saint Berched's national nightschool (for they seemed
				to remember how it was still a once-upon-a-four year) learning
				their antemeridian lesson of life, under its tree, against its warn-
				ing, beseated, as they were, upon the brinkspondy, attracted to
				the rarerust sight of the first human yellowstone landmark (the
				bear, the boer, the king of all boors, sir Humphrey his knave
				we met on the moors!) while they paddled away, keeping time

				magnetically with their eight and fifty pedalettes, playing foolu-	9
				fool jouay allo misto posto, O so jaonickally, all barely in their	10
				typtap teens, describing a charming dactylogram of nocturnes	11
				though repelled by the snores of the log who looked stuck to	12
				the sod as ever and oft, when liquefied, (vil!) he murmoaned	13
				abasourdly in his Dutchener's native, visibly unmoved, over his	14
				treasure trove for the crown: *Dotter dead bedstead mean diggy*	15
				smuggy flasky!	16
				Jaun (after he had in the first place doffed a hat with a rein-	17
				forced crown and bowed to all the others in that chorus of praise	18
				of goodwill girls on their best beehiviour who all they were girls	19
430.20:10	**sie**	sie	she	all rushing sowarmly for the post as buzzy as sie could bie to read	20
430.20:12	**bie**	Biene	bee		
				his kisshands, kittering all about, rushing and making a tremen-	21
				dous girlsfuss over him pellmale, their *jeune premier* and his rosy-	22
				posy smile, mussing his frizzy hair and the golliwog curls of him,	23
				all, but that one; Finfria's fairest, done in loveletters like a trayful	24
				of cloudberry tartlets (ain't they fine, mighty, mighty fine and	25
				honoured?) and smilingly smelling, pair and pair about, broad	26
				by bread and slender to slimmer, the nice perfumios that came	27
				cunvy peeling off him (nice!) which was angelic simply, savouring	28
				of wild thyme and parsley jumbled with breadcrumbs (O nice!)	29

				and feeling his full fat pouch for him so tactily and jingaling
				his jellybags for, though he looked a young chapplie of sixtine,
				they could frole by his manhood that he was just the killingest
				ladykiller all by kindness, now you, Jaun, asking kindlily (hillo,
				missies!) after their howareyous at all with those of their dolly-
				begs (and where's Agatha's lamb? and how are Bernadetta's
				columbillas? and Juliennaw's tubberbunnies? and Eulalina's
				FW 431
				tuggerfunnies?) he next went on (finefeelingfit!) to drop a few
				stray remarks anent their personal appearances and the contrary
				tastes displayed in their tight kittycasques and their smart fricky-
				frockies, asking coy one after sloy one had she read Irish leggings
				and gently reproving one that the ham of her hom could be
				seen below her hem and whispering another aside, as lavariant,
				that the hook of her hum was open a bittock at her back to have
				a sideeye to that, hom, (and all of course just to fill up a form
				out of pure human kindness and in a sprite of fun) for Jaun, by
				the way, was by the way of becoming (I think, I hope he was)
				the most purely human being that ever was called man, loving all
				up and down the whole creation from Sampson's tyke to Jones's

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				sprat and from the King of all Wrenns down to infuseries) Jaun,
				after those few prelimbs made out through his eroscope the
				apparition of his fond sister Izzy for he knowed his love by her
				waves of splabashing and she showed him proof by her way of
				blabushing nor could he forget her so tarnelly easy as all that
				since he was brotherbesides her benedict godfather and heaven
				knows he thought the world and his life of her sweet heart could
				buy, (brao!) poor, good, true, Jaun!
				— Sister dearest, Jaun delivered himself with express cordia-
				lity, marked by clearance of diction and general delivery, as he
				began to take leave of his scolastica at once so as to gain time
				with deep affection, we honestly believe you sorely will miss us
				the moment we exit yet we feel as a martyr to the dischurch of
				all duty that it is about time, by Great Harry, we would shove
				off to stray on our long last journey and not be the load on ye.
				This is the gross proceeds of your teachings in which we were
				raised, you, sis, that used to write to us the exceeding nice letters
				for presentation and would be telling us anun (full well do we
				wont to recall to mind) thy oldworld tales of homespinning and
				derringdo and dieobscure and daddyho, these tales which reliter-
431.33:10	**, gesweest,**	Geschwister	siblings	ately whisked off our heart so narrated by thou, gesweest, to
				perfection, our pet pupil of the whole rhythmetic class and the

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				mainsay of our erigenal house, the time we younkers twain were	35
				fairly tossing ourselves (O Phoebus! O Pollux!) in bed, having	36
				FW 432	
				been laid up with Castor's oil on the Parrish's syrup (the night	1
				we will remember) for to share our hard suite of affections with	2
				thee.	3
				I rise, O fair assemblage! Andcommincio. Now then, after	4
				this introit of exordium, my galaxy girls, *quiproquo* of directions	5
				to henservants I was asking his advice on the strict T.T. from	6
				Father Mike, P.P., my orational dominican and confessor doctor,	7
				C.C.D.D. (buy the birds, he was saying as he yerked me under	8
432.09:6	**offrand**	Rand	edge	the ribs sermon in an offrand way and confidence petween peas	9
				like ourselves in soandso many nuncupiscent words about how he	10
				had been confarreating teat-a-teat with two viragos intactas about	11
				what an awful life he led, poorish priced, uttering mass for a	12
				coppall of geldings and what a lawful day it was, there and then,	13
				for a consommation with an effusion and how, by all the manny	14
				larries ate pignatties, how, hell in tunnels, he'd marry me any	15
432.16:2	**buckling**	bucklig	humpbacked	old buckling time as flying quick as he'd look at me) and I am	16
432.16:2	**buckling**	Bückling	kipper		

432.16:2	**buckling**	buck-	bow, stoop		
				giving youth now again in words of style byaway of offertory	17
				hisand mikeadvice, an it place the person, as ere he retook him	18
				to his cure, those verbs he said to me. From above. The most	19
				eminent bishop titular of Dubloonik to all his purtybusses in	20
				Dellabelliney. Comeallyedimseldamsels, siddle down and lissle	21
				all! Follow me close! Keep me in view! Understeady me saries!	22
				Which is to all practising massoeurses from a preaching freer and	23
				be a gentleman without a duster before a parlourmade with-	24
				out a spitch. Now. During our brief apsence from this furtive	25
432.26:1	**feugtig**	Feuchtigkeit	moisture, damp	feugtig season adhere to as many as probable of the ten com-	26
				mandments. touching purgations and indulgences and in the long	27
				run they will prove for your better guidance along your path of	28
				right of way. Where the lisieuse are we and what's the first sing	29
				to be sung? Is it rubrics, mandarimus, pasqualines, or verdidads	30
				is in it, or the bruiselivid indecores of estreme voyoulence and,	31
432.32:6	**, bekant**	bekannt	known, famous	for the lover of lithurgy, bekant or besant, where's the fate's to	32
				be wished for? Several sindays after whatsintime. I'll sack that sick	33
				server the minute I bless him. That's the mokst I can do for his	34
				grapce. Economy of movement, axe why said. I've a hopesome's	35
				choice if I chouse of all the sinkts in the colander. From the com-	36

				FW 433
				mon for ignitious Purpalume to the proper of Francisco Ultramare,
				last of scorchers, third of snows, in terrorgammons howdydos.
				Here she's, is a bell, that's wares in heaven, virginwhite, Undetri-
				gesima, vikissy manonna. Doremon's! The same or similar to be
				kindly observed within the affianced dietcess of Gay O'Toole
				and Gloamy Gwenn du Lake (Danish spoken!) from Manducare
				Monday up till farrier's siesta in china dominos. Words taken in
				triumph, my sweet assistance, from the sufferant pen of our joco-
				sus inkerman militant of the reed behind the ear.
				Never miss your lostsomewhere mass for the couple in Myles
				you butrose to brideworship. Never hate mere pork which is bad
				for your knife of a good friday. Never let a hog of the howth
				trample underfoot your linen of Killiney. Never play lady's game
				for the Lord's stake. Never lose your heart away till you win his
				diamond back. Make a strong point of never kicking up your
				rumpus over the scroll end of sofas in the Dar Bey Coll Cafeteria
				by tootling risky *apropos* songs at commercial travellers' smokers
				for their Columbian nights entertainments the like of *White limbs*
				they never stop teasing or *Minxy was a Manxmaid when Murry*

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433.20:12	**bisbuiting**	biß	bite	*wor a Man*. And, by the bun, is it you goes bisbuiting His Esaus	20
				and Cos and then throws them bag in the box? Why the tin's	21
				nearly empty. First thou shalt not smile. Twice thou shalt not	22
				love. Lust, thou shalt not commix idolatry. Hip confiners help	23
				compunction. Never park your brief stays in the men's con-	24
				venience. Never clean your buttoncups with your dirty pair of	25
433.26:1	**sassers.**	saß	sat	sassers. Never ask his first person where's your quickest cut to	26
				our last place. Never let the promising hand usemake free of	27
				your oncemaid sacral. The soft side of the axe! A coil of cord, a	28
				colleen coy, a blush on a bush turned first man's laughter into	29
				wailful moither. O foolish cuppled! Ah, dice's error! Never dip	30
433.31:3	**ern**	er	he	in the ern while you've browsers on your suite. Never slip the	31
				silver key through your gate of golden age. Collide with man,	32
				collude with money. Ere you sail foreget my prize. Where you	33
				truss be circumspicious and look before you leak, dears. Never	34
				christen medlard apples till a swithin is in sight. Wet your thistle	35
				where a weed is and you'll rue it, despyneedis. Especially beware	36
				FW 434	
				please of being at a party to any demoralizing home life. That	1
				saps a chap. Keep cool faith in the firm, have warm hoep in the	2

				house and begin frem athome to be chary of charity. Where it	3
				is nobler in the main to supper than the boys and errors of out-	4
				rager's virtue. Give back those stolen kisses; restaure those all-	5
				cotten glooves. Recollect the yella perals that all too often beset	6
				green gerils, Rhidarhoda and Daradora, once they gethobby-	7
				horsical, playing breeches parts for Bessy Sudlow in flesh-	8
				coloured pantos instead of earthing down in the coalhole trying	9
				to boil the big gun's dinner. Leg-before-Wicked lags-behind-	10
				Wall where here Mr Whicker whacked a great fall. Femora-	11
				familla feeled it a candleliked but Hayes, Conyngham and Erobin-	12
434.13:10	**, forestand**	Vorstand	chairman	son sware it's an egg. Forglim mick aye! Stay, forestand and	13
434.13:10	**, forestand**	Verstand	reason, understanding		
434.14:1	**tillgive**	(literally) zugeben	admit	tillgive it! Remember the biter's bitters I shed the vigil I buried	14
				our Harlotte Quai from poor Mrs Mangain's of Britain Court on	15
				the feast of Marie Maudlin. Ah, who would wipe her weeper dry	16
				and lead her to the halter? Sold in her heyday, laid in the straw,	17
				bought for one puny petunia. Moral: if you can't point a lily get	18
				to henna out of here! Put your swell foot foremost on foulard	19
				pneumonia shertwaists, irriconcilible with true fiminin risirvi-	20
				tion and ribbons of lace, limenick's disgrace. Sure, what is it on the	21
				whole only holes tied together, the merest and transparent	22

				washing-	
				tones to make Languid Lola's lingery longer? Scenta Clauthes	23
434.24:3	**hose**	Hose	pants	stiffstuffs your hose and heartsies full of temptiness. Vanity flee	24
				and Verity fear! Diobell! Whalebones and buskbutts may hurt	25
				you (thwackaway thwuck!) but never lay bare your breast sec-	26
				ret (dickette's place!) to joy a Jonas in the Dolphin's Barncar	27
				with your meetual fan, Doveyed Covetfilles, comepulsing payn-	28
				attention spasms between the averthisment for Ulikah's wine and	29
				a pair of pulldoors of the old cupiosity shape. There you'll fix	30
				your eyes darkled on the autocart of the bringfast cable but here	31
				till youre martimorphysed please sit still face to face. For if the	32
				shorth of your skorth falls down to his knees pray how wrong	33
				will he look till he rises? Not before Gravesend is commuted. But	34
				now reappears Autist Algy, the pulcherman and would-do per-	35
				former, *oleas* Mr Smuth, stated by the vice crusaders to be well	36
				FW 435	
				known to all the dallytaunties in and near the ciudad of Buellas	1
				Arias, taking you to the playguehouse to see the *Smirching of*	2
				Venus and asking with whispered offers in a very low bearded	3
				voice, with a nice little tiny manner and in a very nice little tony	4
				way, won't you be an artist's moral and pose in your nudies as a	5

				local esthetic before voluble old masters, introducing you, left	6
				to right the party comprises, to hogarths like Bottisilly and	7
				Titteretto and Vergognese and Coraggio with their extrahand	8
				Mazzaccio, plus the usual bilker's dozen of dowdycameramen.	9
				And the volses of lewd Buylan, for innocence! And the phylli-	10
				sophies of Bussup Bulkeley. O, the frecklessness of the giddies	11
				nouveautays! There's many's the icepolled globetopper is haunt-	12
				ed by the hottest spot under his equator like Ramrod, the meaty	13
435.14:3	**jaeger**	Jäger	hunter	hunter, always jaeger for a thrust. The back beautiful, the un-	14
435.15:4	**Suzy's Moedl's**	süße Mädels	sweet girls	draped divine! And Suzy's Moedl's with their Blue Danuboyes!	15
				All blah! Viper's vapid vilest! Put off the old man at the very	16
				font and get right on with the nutty sparker round the back.	17
				Slip your oval out of touch and let the paravis be your goal.	18
				Up leather, Prunella, convert your try! Stick wicks in your ear-	19
				shells when you hear the prompter's voice. Look on a boa in	20
				his beauty and you'll never more wear your strawberry leaves.	21
				Rely on the relic. What bondman ever you bind on earth I'll be	22
435.23:5	**hemel.**	Himmel	heaven	bound 'twas combined in hemel. Keep airly hores and the worm	23
				is yores. Dress the pussy for her nighty and follow her piggy-	24
				tails up their way to Winkyland. See little poupeep she's firsht	25
				ashleep. After having sat your poetries and you know what	26

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				happens when chine throws over jupan. Go to doss with	27
435.28:10	**milchmand.**	Milchmann	milkman	the poulterer, you understand, and shake up with the milch-	28
				mand. The Sully van vultures are on the prowl. And the	29
				hailies fingringmaries. Tobaccos tabu and toboggan's a back	30
				seat. Secret satieties and onanymous letters make the great un-	31
				watched as bad as their betters. Don't on any account acquire	32
				a paunchon for that alltoocommon fagbutt habit of frequenting	33
				and chumming together with the braces of couples in Mr Tun-	34
				nelly's hallways (smash it) wriggling with lowcusses and cock-	35
				chafers and vamps and rodants, with the end to commit acts of	36
				FW 436	
				interstipital indecency as between twineties and tapegarters.	1
				fingerpats on fondlepets, under the couvrefeu act. It's the thin	2
				end; wedge your steps! Your high powered hefty hoyden thinks	3
				nothing of ramping through a whole suite of smokeless hus-	4
				bands. Three minutes I'm counting you. Woooooon. No triching	5
				now! Give me that when I tell you! *Ragazza ladra!* And is that	6
				any place to be smuggling his madam's apples up? Deceitful	7
				jade. Gee wedge! Begor, I like the way they're half cooked.	8
436.09:9	**kosenkissing**	kosen	caress	Hold, flay, grill, fire that laney feeling for kosenkissing disgeni-	9

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				cally within the proscribed limits like Population Peg on a hint or	10
				twim clandestinely does be doing to Temptation Tom, atkings	11
436.12:9	**[...] -magd.**	Magd	maid	questions in barely and snakking svarewords like a nursemagd.	12
				While there's men-a'war on the say there'll be loves-o'women	13
				on the do. Love through the usual channels, cisternbrothelly,	14
				when properly disinfected and taken neat in the generable way	15
				upon retiring to roost in the company of a husband-in-law or	16
				other respectable relative of an apposite sex, not love that leads	17
				by the nose as I foresmellt but canalised love, you understand,	18
				does a felon good, suspiciously if he has a slugger's liver but I	19
				cannot belabour the point too ardently (and after the lessions of	20
				experience I speak from inspiration) that fetid spirits is the thief	21
				of prurities, so none of your twenty rod cherrywhisks, me	22
				daughter! At the Cat and Coney or the Spotted Dog. And at	23
436.24:1	**2bis**	bis	until	2bis Lot's Road. When parties get tight for each other they lose	24
				all respect together. By the stench of her fizzle and the glib of her	25
				gab know the drunken draggletail Dublin drab. You'll pay for	26
				each bally sorraday night every billing sumday morning. When	27
				the night is in May and the moon shines might. We won't meeth	28
				in Navan till you try to give the Kellsfrieclub the goby. Hill or	29
				hollow, Hull or Hague! And beware how you dare of wet cock-	30
				tails in Kildare or the same may see your wedding driving home	31

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				from your wake. Mades of ashens when you flirt spoil the lad	32
				but spare his shirt! Lay your lilylike long his shoulder but buck	33
				back if he buts bolder and just hep your homely hop and heed	34
				no horning but if you've got some brainy notion to raise cancan	35
				and rouse commotion I'll be apt to flail that tail for you till it's	36
				FW 437	
437.01:11	**gastricks**	Strick	rope	borning. Let the love ladleliked at the eye girde your gastricks	1
				in the gym. Nor must you omit to screw the lid firmly on that	2
				jazz jiggery and kick starts. Bumping races on the flat and point	3
				to point over obstacles. Ridewheeling that acclivisciously up	4
				windy Rutland Rise and insighting rebellious northers before the	5
				saunter of the city of Dunlob. Then breretonbiking on the free	6
				with your airs of go-be-dee and your heels upon the handlebars.	7
				Berrboel brazenness! No, before your corselage rib is decartilaged,	8
				that is to mean if you have visceral ptossis, my point is, making	9
				allowances for the fads of your weak abdominal wall and your	10
				liver asprewl, vinvin, vinvin, or should you feel, in shorts, as	11
				though you needed healthy physicking exorcise to flush your	12
				kidneys, you understand, and move that twelffinger bowel and	13
				threadworm inhibitating it, lassy, and perspire freely, lict your	14

				lector in the lobby and why out you go by the ostiary on to	15
				the dirt track and skip! Be a sportive. Deal with Nature the great	16
				greengrocer and pay regularly the monthlies. Your Punt's Per-	17
				fume's only in the hatpinny shop beside the reek of the rawny.	18
				It's more important than air — I mean than eats — air (Oop, I	19
				never open momouth but I pack mefood in it) and promotes that	20
				natural emotion. Stamp out bad eggs. Why so many puddings	21
				prove disappointing, as Dietician says, in Creature Comforts	22
				Causeries, and why so much soup is so muck slop. If we	23
				could fatten on the elizabeetons we wouldn't have teeth like	24
				the hippopotamians. However. Likewise if I were in your	25
				envelope shirt I'd keep my weathereye well cocked open for	26
				your furnished lodgers paying for their feed on tally with	27
				company and piano tunes. Only stuprifying yourself! The too	28
				friendly friend sort, Mazourikawitch or some other sukinsin of	29
437.30:5	**kommen**	kommen	coming	a vitch, who he's kommen from olt Pannonia on this porpoise	30
437.30:7	**olt**	alt	old		
437.31:6	**maul**	Maul	muzzle	whom sue stooderin about the maul and femurl artickles and who	31
				mix himself so at home mid the musik and spanks the ivory	32
				that lovely for this your Mistro Melosiosus MacShine MacShane	33
				may soon prove your undoing and bane through the succeeding	34
				years of rain should you, whilst Jaun is from home, get used to	35

				basking in his loverslowlap, inordinately clad, moustacheteasing,	36
				FW 438	
				when closehended together behind locked doors, kissing steadily,	1
				(malbongusta, it's not the thing you know!) with the calfloving	2
				selfseeker, under the influence of woman, inching up to you, dis-	3
				arranging your modesties and fumbling with his forte paws in your	4
				bodice after your billy doos twy as a first go off (take care, would	5
				you stray and split on me!) and going on doing his idiot every	6
				time you gave him his chance to get thick and play pigglywiggly,	7
				making much of you, bilgetalking like a ditherer, gougouzoug,	8
				about your glad neck and the round globe and the white milk and	9
				the red raspberries (O horrifier!) and prying down furthermore to	10
				chance his lucky arm with his pregnant questions up to our past	11
				lives. What has that caught to sing with him? The next fling	12
				you'll be squitting on the Tubber Nakel, pouring pitchers to the	13
				well for old Gloatsdane's glorification and the postequities of	14
				the Black Watch, peeping private from the Bush and Rangers.	15
				And our local busybody, talker-go-bragk. Worse again! Off of	16
				that praying fan on to them priars! It would be a whorable state	17
				of affairs altogether for the redcolumnists of presswritten epics,	18

				Peter Paragraph and Paulus Puff, (I'm keepsoaking them to cover	19
				my concerts) to get ahold of for their balloons and shoot you	20
				private by surprise, considering the marriage slump that's on this	21
				oil age and pulexes three shillings a pint and wives at six and	22
				seven when domestic calamities belame par and newlaids bellow	23
				mar for the twenty twotoosent time thwealthy took thousands	24
				in the slack march of civilisation were you, becoming guilty of	25
438.26:1	**unleckylike**	lecke	lick	unleckylike intoxication to have and to hold, to pig and to pay	26
				direct connection, *qua* intervener, with a prominent married member	27
				of the vicereeking squad and, in consequence of the thereinunder	28
				subpenas, be flummoxed to the second degree by becoming a	29
				detestificated companykeeper on the dammymonde of Luca-	30
				lamplight. Anything but that, for the fear and love of gold! Once	31
				and for all, I'll have no college swankies (you see, I am well	32
				voiced in love's arsenal and all its overtures from collion boys	33
				to colleen bawns so I have every reason to know that rogues'	34
				gallery of nightbirds and bitchfanciers, lucky duffs and light	35
				lindsays, haughty hamiltons and gay gordons, dosed, doctored	36
				FW 439	
				and otherwise, messing around skirts and what their fickling in-	1

				tentions look like, you make up your mind to that) trespassing	2
				on your danger zone in the dancer years. If ever I catch you at it,	3
				mind, it's you that will cocottch it! I'll tackle you to feel if you	4
				have a few devils in you. Holy gun, I'll give it to you, hot, high	5
				and heavy before you can say sedro! Or may the maledictions	6
439.07:9	**friar's**	Freier	suitor	of Lousyfear fall like nettlerash on the white friar's father that	7
				converted from moonshine the fostermother of the first nancy-	8
				free that ran off after the trumpadour that mangled Moore's melo-	9
				dies and so upturned the tubshead of the stardaft journalwriter	10
				to inspire the prime finisher to fellhim the firtree out of which	11
				Cooper Funnymore planed the flat of the beerbarrel on which	12
439.13:11	**tante's**	Tante	aunt	my grandydad's lustiest sat his seat of unwisdom with my tante's	13
				petted sister for the cause of his joy! Amene.	14
				Poof! There's puff for ye, begor, and planxty of it, all abound	15
				me breadth! Glor galore and glory be! As broad as its lung and	16
				as long as a line! The valiantine vaux of Venerable Val Vous-	17
				dem. If my jaws must brass away like the due drops on my lay.	18
				And the topnoted delivery you'd expected be me invoice! Theo	19
				Dunnohoo's warning from Daddy O'Dowd. Whoo? What I'm	20
				wondering to myselfwhose for there's a strong tendency, to put	21
				it mildly, by making me the medium. I feel spirts of itchery out-	22
439.23:11	**sludgehumme**	Hummer	lobster	ching out from all over me and only for the sludgehummer's	23

	r’s				
				force in my hand to hold them the darkens alone knows what’ll	24
				who’ll be saying of next. However. Now, before my upperotic	25
				rogister, something nice. Now? Dear Sister, in perfect leave again I	26
				say take a brokerly advice and keep it to yourself that we, Jaun, first	27
				of our name here now make all receptacles of, free of price. Easy,	28
				my dear, if they tingle you either say nothing or nod. No cheeka-	29
				cheek with chipperchapper, you and your last mashboy and the	30
				padre in the pulpbox enumerating you his nostrums. Be vacillant	31
				over those vigilant who would leave you to belave black on white.	32
439.33:5	**hijiniks**	Genick	neck	Close in for psychical hijiniks as well but fight shy of mugpunters.	33
				I’d burn the books that grieve you and light an allassundrian bom-	34
				pyre that would suffragate Tome Plyfire or Zolfanerole. Perousse	35
439.36:4	***Standerd,***	Erd-	earth	instate your *Weekly Standerd*, our verile organ that is ethelred by all	36
				FW 440	
				pressdom. Apply your five wits to the four verilatest. The Arsdi-	1
				ken’s *An Traitey on Miracula or Viewed to Death by a Priest*	2
				Hunter is still first in the field despite the castle bar, William	3
				Archer’s a rompan good cathalogue and he’ll give you a riser on	4
440.05:5	**nazional**	Nazi	national socialist	the route to our nazional labronry. Skim over *Through Hell*	5

				with the Papes (mostly boys) by the divine comic Denti Alligator	6
				(exsponging your index) and find a quip in a quire arisus aream	7
				from bastardtitle to fatherjohnson. Swear aloud by pious fiction	8
				the like of *Lentil Lore* by Carnival Cullen or that *Percy Wynns*	9
				of our S. J. Finn's or *Pease in Plenty* by the Curer of Wars,	10
				licensed and censered by our most picturesque prelates, Their	11
440.12:3	**Linzen**	Linsen	lentils; lenses	Graces of Linzen and Petitbois, bishops of Hibernites, *licet ut*	12
440.12:3	**Linzen**	Linz	(Austrian city)		
				lebanus, for expansion on the promises, the two best sells on the	13
				market this luckiest year, set up by Gill the father, put out by Gill	14
				the son and circulating disimally at Gillydehooly's Cost. Strike up	15
				a nodding acquaintance for our doctrine with the works of old	16
				Mrs Trot, senior, and Manoel Canter, junior, and Loper de Figas,	17
				nates maximum. I used to follow Mary Liddlelambe's flitsy tales,	18
				espicially with the scentaminted sauce. Sifted science will do your	19
				arts good. *Egg Laid by Former Cock* and *With Flageolettes in Send*	20
				Fanciesland. Chiefly girls. Trip over sacramental tea into the long	21
				lives of our saints and saucerdotes, with vignettes, cut short into	22
				instructual primers by those in authority for the bittermint of your	23
				soughts. Forfet not the palsied. Light a match for poor old	24
440.25:10	**hemd**	Hemd	shirt	Contrabally and send some balmoil for the schizmatics. A hemd	25
				in need is aye a friendly deed. Remember, maid, thou dust art	26

				powder but Cinderella thou must return (what are you robbing	27
				her sleeve for, Ruby? And pull in your tongue, Polly!). Cog that	28
				out of your teen times, everyone. The lad who brooks no	29
				breaches lifts the lass that toffs a tailor. How dare ye be laughing	30
				out of your mouthshine at the lack of that? Keep cool your fresh	31
				chastity which is far better far. Sooner than part with that vesta-	32
				lite emerald of the first importance, descended to me by far from	33
				our family, which you treasure up so closely where extremes	34
				meet, nay, mozzed lesmended, rather let the whole ekumene	35
				universe belong to merry Hal and do whatever his Mary well	36
				FW 441	
				likes. When the gong goes for hornets-two-nest marriage step	1
				into your harness and strip off that nullity suit. Faminy, hold	2
				back! For the race is to the rashest of, the romping, jumping	3
				rushes of. Haul Seton's down, black, green and grey, and hoist	4
				Mikealy's whey and sawdust. What's overdressed if underclothed?	5
441.06:1	**Poposht**	Popo	posterior	Poposht forstake me knot where there's white lets ope. Whisht!	6
441.06:1	**Poposht**	Poscht (Swiss)	post-office		
				Blesht she that walked with good Jook Humprey for he made	7
				her happytight. Go! You can down all the dripping you can	8

				dumple to, and buffkid scouse too ad libidinum, in these lassi-	9
				tudes if you've parents and things to look after. That was what	10
				stuck to the Comtesse Cantilene while she was sticking out Mavis	11
				Toffeelips to feed her soprannated huspals, and it is henceforth	12
441.13:7	**! Die**	die	the	associated with her names. La Dreeping! Die Droopink! The	13
				inimitable in puresuet of the inevitable! There's nothing to touch	14
441.15:4	**taucht,**	taucht	dipped, submerge	it, we are taucht, unless she'd care for a mouthpull of white pud-	15
				ding for the wish is on her rose marine and the lunchlight in her	16
				eye, so when you pet the rollingpin write my name on the pie.	17
				Guard that gem, Sissy, rich and rare, ses he. In this cold old	18
				worold who'll feel it? Hum! The jewel you're all so cracked	19
				about there's flitty few of them gets it for there's nothing now	20
				but the sable stoles and a runabout to match it. Sing him a ring.	21
				Touch me low. And I'll lech ye so, my soandso. Show and show.	22
				Show on show. She. Shoe. Shone.	23
				Divulge, sjuddenly jouted out hardworking Jaun, kicking	24
				the console to his double and braying aloud like Brahaam's ass,	25
				and, as his voixehumanar swelled to great, clenching his manlies,	26
				so highly strong was he, man, and gradually quite warming to	27
441.28:12	**buel**	Bühl	hill	her (there must have been a power of kinantics in that buel	28
441.28:12	**buel**	Bühel	humpback		

				of gruel he gobed at bedgo) divorce into me and say the cur-	29
				name in undress (if you get into trouble with a party you are	30
				not likely to forget his appearance either) of any lapwhelp or	31
				sleevemongrel who talks to you upon the road where he tuck	32
				you to be a roller, O, (the goattanned saxopeeler upshotdown	33
				chigs peel of him!) and volunteers to trifle with your round-	34
				lings for profferred glass and dough, the marrying hand that	35
				his leisure repents of, without taking out his proper password	36
				FW 442	
442.01:10	**fremdling,**	Fremdling	stranger	from the eligible ministriss for affairs with the black fremdling,	1
				that enemy of our country, in a cleanlooking light and I don't	2
				care a tongser's tammany hang who the mucky is nor twoo	3
				hoots in the corner nor three shouts on a hill (were he even	4
				a constantineal namesuch of my very own, Attaboy Knowling,	5
442.06:3	**enoch**	noch	more, yet	and like enoch to my townmajor ancestors, the two that are	6
				taking out their divorces in the Spooksbury courts circuits,	7
				Rere Uncle Remus, the Baas of Eboracum and Old Father	8
				Ulissabon Knickerbocker, the lanky sire of Wolverhampton,	9
				about their bristelings), but as true as there's a soke for sakes in	10
				Twoways Peterborough and sure as home we come to newsky	11

				prospect from west the wave on schedule time (if I came any	12
				quicker I'll be right back before I left) from the land of breach	13
				of promise with Brendan's mantle whitening the Kerribrasilian	14
				sea and March's pebbles spinning from beneath our footslips to	15
				carry fire and sword, rest insured that as we value the very name	16
				in sister that as soon as we do possibly it will be a poor lookout	17
442.18:6	**markt**	Markt	market	for that insister. He's a markt man from that hour. And why do	18
				we say that, you may query me? Quary? Guess! Call'st thou?	19
				Think and think and think, I urge on you. Muffed! The wrong	20
				porridge. You are an ignoratis! Because then probably we'll	21
				dumb well soon show him what the Shaun way is like how we'll	22
				go a long way towards breaking his outsider's face for him for	23
				making up to you with his bringthee balm of Gaylad and his	24
				singthee songs of Arupee, chancetrying my ward's head into	25
				sanctuary before feeling with his two dimensions for your nup-	26
				tial dito. Ohibow, if I was Blonderboss I'd gooandfrighthisdual-	27
442.28:11	**sicker**	sicher	sure, secure	man! Now, we'll tell you what we'll do to be sicker instead of	28
				compensation. We'll he'll burst our his mouth like Leary to the	29
				Leinsterface and reduce he'll we'll ournhisn liniments to a	30
				poolp. Open the door softly, somebody wants you, dear! You'll	31
442.32:8	**blizz,**	Blitz	lightning	hear him calling you, bump, like a blizz, in the muezzin of the	32
				turkest night. Come on now, pillarbox! I'll stiffen your scribeall,	33

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				broken reed! That'll be it, grand operoar style, even should I,	34
				with my sleuts of hogpew and cheekas, have to coomb the brash	35
442.36:11	**lauseboob**	Lausbub	rascal	of the libs round Close Saint Patrice to lay my louseboob on his	36
				FW 443	
				behaitch like solitar. We are all eyes. I have his quoram of	1
				images all on my retinue, Mohomadhawn Mike. Brassup! More-	2
				over after that, bad manners to me, if I don't think strongly about	3
443.04:10	**bubby**	Bubi	lad	giving the brotherkeeper into custody to the first police bubby	4
				cunstabless of Dora's Diehards in the field I might chance to	5
				follopon. Or for that matter, for your information, if I get the	6
				wind up what do you bet in the buckets of my wrath I mightn't	7
				even take it into my progromme, as sweet course, to do a rash act	8
				and pitch in and swing for your perfect stranger in the meadow	9
				of heppiness and then wipe the street up with the clonmellian,	10
				pending my bringing proceedings verses the joyboy before a	11
443.12:3	**magistrafes**	strafe	punish	bunch of magistrafes and twelve good and gleeful men? *Filius*	12
				nullius per fas et nefas. It should prove more or less of an event	13
443.14:5	**federal**	Feder	feather	and show the widest federal in my cup. He'll have pansements	14
				then for his pensamientos, howling for peace. Pretty knocks, I	15
				promise him with plenty burkes for his shins. Dumnlimn wimn	16

				humn. In which case I'll not be complete in fighting lust until I
				contrive to half kill your Charley you're my darling for you and
				send him to Home Surgeon Hume, the algebrist, before his ap-
				pointed time, particularly should he turn out to be a man in brown
443.21:11	**flurewaltzer**	Flur	meadow, floor	about town, Rollo the Gunger, son of a wants a flurewaltzer to
443.21:11	**flurewaltzer**	Walzer	waltz	
				Arnolff's, picking up ideas, of well over or about fiftysix or so,
				pithecoid proportions, with perhops five foot eight, the usual
				X Y Z type, R.C. Toc H, nothing but claret, not in the studbook
443.25:4	**stortch,**	Storch	stork	by a long stortch, with a toothbrush moustache and jawcrockeries,
				alias grinner through collar, and of course no beard, meat and
				colmans suit, with tar's baggy slacks, obviously too roomy for
				him and springside boots, washing tie, Father Mathew's bridge
443.29:6	**Rhoss's**	Roß	steed	pin, sipping some Wheatley's at Rhoss's on a barstool, with some
443.30:1	**pubpal**	Pöbel	rabble	pubpal of the Olaf Stout kidney, always trying to poorchase mov-
				ables by hebdomedaries for to putt in a new house to loot, cigarette
				in his holder, with a good job and pension in Buinness's, what
				about our trip to Normandy style conversation, with an oc-
				casional they say that filmacoulored featured at the Mothrapurl
				skrene about Michan and his lost angeleens is corkyshows do
				morvaloos, blueygreen eyes a bit scummy developing a series of

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				FW 444	
				angry boils with certain references to the Deity, seeking relief	1
				in alcohol and so on, general omnibus character with a dash of	2
				railwaybrain, stale cough and an occasional twinge of claudication,	3
				having his favourite fecundclass family of upwards of a decade,	4
				both harefoot and loadenbrogued, to boot and buy off, Imean.	5
				So let it be a knuckle or an elbow, I hereby admonish you!	6
				It may all be topping fun but it's tip and run and touch and flow	7
				for every whack when Marie stopes Phil fluther's game to go.	8
				Arms arome, side aside, face into the wall. To the tumble of the	9
				toss tot the trouble of the swaddled, O. And lest there be no	10
444.11:3	**Forstowelsy,**	Forst	forest	misconception, Miss Forstowelsy, over who to fasten the plight-	11
				forlifer on (threehundred and thirty three to one on Rue the	12
				Day!) when the nice little smellar squalls in his crydle what the	13
				dirty old bigger'll be squealing through his coughin you better	14
444.15:7	**vokseburst**	wachse	grow	keep in the gunbarrel straight around vokseburst as I recommence	15
444.15:7	**vokseburst**	burst-	brush		
				you to (you gypseyeyed baggage, do you hear what I'm praying?)	16
				or, Gash, without butthering my head to assortail whose stroke	17
				forced or which struck backly, I'll be all over you myselx hori-	18
				zontally, as the straphanger said, for knocking me with my name	19

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				and yourself and your babybag down at such a greet sacrifice with	20
				a rap of the gavel to a third price cowhandler as cheap as the nig-	21
				gerd's dirt (for sale!) or I'll smack your fruitflavoured jujube lips	22
				well for you, so I will well for you, if you don't keep a civil tongue	23
				in your pigeonhouse. The pleasures of love lasts but a fleeting but	24
				the pledges of life outlusts a lieftime. I'll have it in for you. I'll	25
444.26:4	**minners,**	Minne	love	teach you bed minners, tip for tap, to be playing your oddaugghter	26
				tangotricks with micky dazzlers if I find corsehairs on your	27
				river-frock and the squirmside of your burberry lupitally covered	28
				with chiffchaff and shavings. Up Rosemiry Lean and Potanasty	29
				Rod you wos, wos you? I overstand you, you understand. Ask-	30
444.31:2	**Annybettyelsas**	Bett	bed	ing Annybettyelsas to carry your parcels and you dreaming of	31
444.32:4	**ging**	ging	went	net glory. You'll ging naemaer wi'Wolf the Ganger. Cutting	32
444.32:9	**Ganger.**	Gänger	walker		
				chapel, were you? and had dates with slickers in particular	33
				hotels, had we? Lonely went to play your mother, isod? You was	34
444.35:5	**doll**	toll	mad, extreme	wiffriends? Hay, dot's a doll yarn! Mark mean then! I'll homeseek	35
444.35:11	**homeseek**	(literally) heimsuchen	afflict, punish		
				you, Luperca as sure as there's a palatine in Limerick and in	36
				FW 445	

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				striped conference here's how. Nerbu de Bios! If you twos goes	1
				to walk upon the railway, Gard, and I'll goad to beat behind the	2
				bush! See to it! Snip! It's up to you. I'll be hatsnatching harrier	3
				to hiding huries hinder hedge. Snap! I'll tear up your limpshades	4
				and lock all your trotters in the closet, I will, and cut your silk-	5
445.06:8	**ask unbrodhel**	Aschenbrödel	Cinderella	skin into garters. You'll give up your ask unbrodhel ways when	6
				I make you reely smart. So skelp your budd and kiss the hurt!	7
				I'll have plenary sadisfaction, plays the bishop, for your partial's	8
				indulgences if your my rodeo gell. Fair man and foul suggestion.	9
				There's a lot of lecit pleasure coming bangslanging your way,	10
				Miss Pinpernelly satin. For your own good, you understand, for	11
				the man who lifts his pud to a woman is saving the way for	12
445.13:3	**rebmemer**	Rebe	vine	kindness. You'll rebmemer your mottob *Aveh Tiger Roma*	13
445.13:5	**mottob**	tob-	rage, play violently		
445.13:5	**mottob**	Motte	moth		
445.13:5	**mottob**	ob	whether		
				mikely smarter the nickst time. For I'll just draw my prance	14
				and give you one splitpuck in the crupper, you understand, that	15
				will bring the poppy blush of shame to your peony hindmost till	16
				you yelp papapardon and radden your rhodatantarums to the	17
				beat of calorrubordolor, I am, I do and I suffer, (do you hear me	18

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				now, lickspoon, and stop looking at your bussycat bow in the	19
				slate?) that you won't obliterate for the bulkier part of a running	20
				year, failing to give a good account of yourself, if you think I'm	21
				so tan cupid as all that. Lights out now (bouf!), tight and sleep	22
				on it. And that's how I'll bottle your greedypuss beautibus for	23
				ye, me bullin heifer, for 'tis I that have the peer of arrams that	24
				carry a wallop. Between them.	25
				Unbeknownst to you would ire turn o'er see, a nuncio would	26
				I return here. How (from the sublime to the ridiculous) times	27
				out of oft, my future, shall we think with deepest of love and	28
				recollection by rintrospection of thee but me far away on the	29
				pillow, breathing foundly o'er my names all through the empties,	30
445.31:8	**doppeldoorkn ockers.**	doppel	double	whilst moidhered by the rattle of the doppeldoorknockers. Our	31
445.32:4	**Ostelinda,**	Ost	East	homerole poet to Ostelinda, Fred Wetherly, puts it somewhys	32
445.32:4	**Ostelinda,**	Linde	lime tree		
				better. You're sitting on me style, maybe, whereoft I helped	33
445.34:7	**(Toobliqueme!)**	bequem	comfortable	your ore. Littlegame rumilie from Liffalidebankum, (Toobli-	34
				queme!) but a big corner fill you do in this unadulterated seat of	35
				our affections. Aerwenger's my breed so may we uncreepingly	36

				FW 446	
				multipede like the sands on Amberhann! Sevenheavens, O heaven!	1
				Iy waount yiou! yore ways to melittleme were wonderful so	2
				Ickam purseproud in sending uym loveliest pansiful thoughts	3
				touching me dash in-you through wee dots Hyphen, the so	4
				pretty arched godkin of beddingnights. If I've proved to your	5
				sallysfashion how I'm a man of Armor let me so, let me sue, let	6
				me see your isabellis. How I shall, should I survive, as, please the	7
				uniter of U.M.I. hearts, I am living in hopes to do, replacing	8
446.09:9	**mitch,**	mich	me	mig wandering handsup in yawers so yeager for mitch, positively	9
				cover the two pure chicks of your comely plumpchake with	10
446.11:1	**zuccherikissings,**	Zucker	sugar	zuccherikissings, hong, kong, and so gong, that I'd scare the bats	11
				out of the ivfry one of those puggy mornings, honestly, by my	12
				rantandog and daddyoak I will, become come coming when,	13
				upon the mingling of our meeting waters, wish to wisher, like	14
				massive mountains to part no more, you will there and then, in	15
				those happy moments of ouryour soft accord, rainkiss on me	16
				back, for full marks with shouldered arms, and in that united	17
446.18:8	**(touf! touf!)**	tauf-	baptize	I.R.U. stade, when I come (touf! touf!) wildflier's fox into my	18
				own greengeese again, swap sweetened smugs, six of one for half	19

				a dozen of the other, till they'll bet we're the cuckoo derby
				when cherries next come back to Ealing as come they must, as
				they musted in their past, as they must for my pressing season,
				as hereinafter must they chirrywill immediately suant on my
				safe return to ignorance and bliss in my horseless Coppal Poor,
				through suirland and noreland, kings country and queens, with
				my ropes of pearls for gamey girls the way ye'll hardly. Knowme.
				Slim ye, come slum with me and rally rats' roundup! 'Tis
				post purification we will, sales of work and social service,
				missus, completing our Abelite union by the adoption of
				fosterlings. Embark for Euphonia! Up Murphy, Henson and
				O'Dwyer, the Warchester Warders! I'll put in a shirt time
				if you'll get through your shift and between us in our shared
				slaves, brace to brassiere and shouter to shunter, we'll pull off our
				working programme. Come into the garden guild and be free
				of the gape athome! We'll circumcivicise all Dublin country.
				Let us, the real Us, all ignite in our prepurgatory grade as apos-
				FW 447
				cals and be instrumental to utensilise, help our Jakeline sisters
				clean out the hogshole and generally ginger things up. Meliorism

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				in massquantities, raffling receipts and sharing sweepstakes till
				navel, spokes and felloes hum like hymn. Burn only what's Irish,
				accepting their coals. You will soothe the cokeblack bile that's
				Anglia's and touch Armourican's iron core. Write me your
				essayes, my vocational scholars, but corsorily, dipping your
				nose in it, for Henrietta's sake, on mortinatality in the life of
447.09:7	**Haarington's**	Haar	hair	jewries and the sludge of King Haarington's at its height, running
				boulevards over the whole of it. I'd write it all by mownself if
				I only had here of my jolly young watermen. Bear in mind, by
				Michael, all the provincial's bananas peels and elacock eggs mak-
				ing drawadust jubilee along Henry, Moore, Earl and Talbot
				Streets. Luke at all the memmer manning he's dung for the pray
				of birds, our priest-mayor-king-merchant, strewing the Castle-
				knock Road and drawing manure upon it till the first glimpse of
				Wales and from Ballses Breach Harshoe up to Dumping's Corner
				with the Mirist fathers' brothers eleven versus White Friars out
				on a rogation stag party. Compare them caponchin trowlers
				with the Bridge of Belches in Fairview, noreast Dublin's favourite
447.21:2	**wateringplatz**	Platz	place, square	souwest wateringplatz and ump as you lump it. What do you
447.21:2	**wateringplatz**	platz-	burst, split	
				mean by Jno Citizen and how do you think of Jas Pagan?

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				Compost liffe in Dufblin by Pierce Egan with the baugh in	23
				Baughkley of Fino Ralli. Explain why there is such a number	24
				of orders of religion in Asea! Why such an order number in	25
				preference to any other number? Why any number in any order	26
				at all? Now? Where is the greenest island off the black coats	27
				of Spaign? Overset into universal: I am perdrix and upon my	28
				pet ridge. Oralmus! Way, O way for the autointaxication of	29
				our town of the Fords in a huddle! Hailfellow some wellmet	30
				boneshaker or, to ascertain the facts for herself, run up your	31
				showeryweather once and trust and take the Drumgondola tram	32
				and, wearing the midlimb and vestee endorsed by the hierarchy	33
				fitted with ecclastics, bending your steps, pick a trail and stand	34
				on, say, Aston's, I advise you strongly, along quaith a copy of	35
				the Seeds and Weeds Act when you have procured one for your-	36
				FW 448	
				self and take a good longing gaze into any nearby shopswindow	1
				you may select at suppose, let us say, the hoyth of number	2
				eleven, Kane or Keogh's, and in the course of about thirtytwo	3
				minutes' time proceed to turn aroundabout on your heehills to-	4
				wards the previous causeway and I shall be very cruelly mis-	5

				taken indeed if you will not be jushed astunshed to see how you	6
				will be meanwhile durn weel topcoated with kakes of slush	7
				occasioned by the mush jam of the cross and blackwalls traffic	8
				in transit. See Capels and then fly. Show me that complaint book	9
				here. Where's Cowtends Kateclean, the woman with the muckrake?	10
				When will the W.D. face of our sow muckloved d'lin, the Troia	11
				of towns and Carmen of cities, crawling with mendiants in per-	12
				forated clothing, get its wellbelavered white like l'pool and	13
				m'chester? When's that grandnational goldcapped dupsydurby	14
				houspill coming with its vomitives for our mothers-in-load and	15
				stretchers for their devitalised males? I am all of me for freedom	16
				of speed but who'll disasperaguss Pope's Avegnue or who'll	17
				uproose the Opian Way? Who'll brighton Brayhowth and bait	18
				the Bull Bailey and never despair of Lorcansby? The rampant	19
				royal commissioners! 'Tis an ill weed blows no poppy good. And	20
				this labour's worthy of my higher. Oil for meed and toil for feed	21
448.22:9	**Loos.**	Los	fate, fortune	and a walk with the band for Job Loos. If I hope not charity what	22
				profiteers me? Nothing! My tippers of flags are knobs of hard-	23
				shape for it isagrim tale, keeping the father of curls from the	24
				sport of oak. Do you know what, liddle giddles? One of those	25
				days I am advised by the smiling voteseeker who's now snoring	26
				elued to positively strike off hiking for good and all as I bldy	27

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				well bdly ought until such temse as some mood is made under	28
				privy-sealed orders to get me an increase of automoboil and foot-	29
				wear for these poor discalced and a bourse from bon Somewind for	30
448.31:4	**Badanuweir (**	Baden	bathing	a cure at Badanuweir (though where it's going to come from this	31
				time —) as I sartunly think now, honest to John, for an income	32
				plexus that that's about the sanguine boundary limit. Amean.	33
				Sis dearest, Jaun added, with voise somewhit murky, what	34
				though still high fa luting, as he turned his dorse to her to pay	35
				court to it, and ouverleaved his booseys to give the note and	36
				FW 449	
				score, phonoscopically incuriosited and melancholic this time	1
				whiles, as on the fulmament he gaped in wulderment, his on-	2
				saturncast eyes in stellar attraction followed swift to an imagin-	3
				ary swellaw, O, the vanity of Vanissy! All ends vanishing! Pur-	4
				sonally, Grog help me, I am in no violent hurry. If time enough	5
				lost the ducks walking easy found them. I'll nose a blue fonx	6
				with any tristys blinking upon this earthlight of all them that	7
				pass by the way of the deerdrive, conconey's run or wilfrid's	8
				walk, but I'd turn back as lief as not if I could only spoonfind	9
				the nippy girl of my heart's appointment, Mona Vera Toutou	10

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				Ipostila, my lady of Lyons, to guide me by gastronomy under	11
				her safe conduct. That's more in my line. I'd ask no kinder of	12
				fates than to stay where I am, with my tinny of brownie's tea,	13
				under the invocation of Saint Jamas Hanway, servant of Gamp,	14
				lapidated, and Jacobus a Pershawm, intercissous, for my thuri-	15
449.16:6	**frind**	Rind	beef	fex, with Peter Roche, that frind of my boozum, leaning on my	16
				cubits, at this passing moment by localoption in the birds' lodg-	17
				ing, me pheasants among, where I'll dreamt that I'll dwealth mid	18
				warblers' walls when throstles and choughs to my sigh hiehied,	19
				with me hares standing up well and me longlugs dittoes, where	20
449.21:2	**maurdering**	Mauer	wall	a maurdering row, the fox! has broken at the coward sight till	21
				well on into the beausome of the exhaling night, pinching stop-	22
449.23:10	**brilliants**	Brilliant	diamond	andgo jewels out of the hedges and catching dimtop brilliants	23
				on the tip of my wagger but for that owledclock (fast cease to it!)	24
				has just gone twoohoo the hour and that yen breezes zipping	25
				round by Drumsally do be devils to play fleurt. I could sit on safe	26
				side till the bark of Saint Grouseus for hoopoe's hours, till heoll's	27
449.28:1	**hoerrisings,**	hör-	hear	hoerrisings, laughing lazy at the sheep's lightning and turn a wida-	28
449.28:1	**hoerrisings,**	reisen	travel		
				most ear dreamily to the drummling of snipers, hearing the wire-	29
				less harps of sweet old Aerial and the mails across the nightrives	30
				(peepet! peepet!) and whippoor willy in the woody (moor park!	31

				moor park!) as peacefed as a philopotamus, and crekking jugs	32
				at the grenoulls, leaving tealeaves for the trout and belleeks for the	33
				wary till I'd followed through my upfielded neviewscope the	34
				rugaby moon cumuliously godrolling himself westasleep amuckst	35
				the cloudscrums for to watch how carefully my nocturnal goose-	36
				FW 450	
				mother would lay her new golden sheegg for me down under in	1
				the shy orient. What wouldn't I poach — the rent in my river-	2
				side, my otther shoes, my beavery, honest! — ay, and melt my	3
				belt for a dace feast of grannom with the finny ones, those happy	4
				greppies in their minnowahaw, flashing down the swansway,	5
				leaps ahead of the swift MacEels, the big Gillaroo redfellows	6
				and the pursewinded carpers, rearin antis rood perches astench	7
				of me, or, when I'd like own company best, with the help of a	8
				norange and bear, to be reclined by the lasher on my logansome,	9
				my g.b.d. in my f.a.c.e., solfanelly in my shellyholders and lov'd	10
				latakia, the benuvolent, for my nosethrills, with the jealosomines	11
				wilting away to their heart's deelight and the king of saptimber	12
				letting down his humely odours for my consternation, dapping	13
				my griffeen, burning water in the spearlight or catching trophies	14

				of the king's royal college of sturgeone by the armful for to bake	15
				pike and pie while, O twined me abower in L'Alouette's Tower,	16
450.17:4	**juckjucking**	juck-	itch	all Adelaide's naughtingerls juckjucking benighth me, I'd ga-	17
				mut my twittynice Dorian blackbudds chthonic solphia off my	18
				singasongapiccolo to pipe musicall airs on numberous fairy-	19
				aciodes. I give, a king, to me, she does, alone, up there, yes see,	20
				I double give, till the spinney all eclosed asong with them. Isn't	21
				that lovely though? I give to me alone I trouble give! I may have	22
				no mind to lamagnage the forte bits like the pianage but you	23
				can't cadge me off the key. I've a voicical lilt too true. Nomario!	24
				And bemolly and jiesis! For I sport a whatyoumacormack in the	25
				latcher part of my throughers. And the lark that I let fly (olala!)	26
				is as cockful of funantics as it's tune to my fork. Naturale you	27
				might lower register me as diserecordant, but I'm athlone in the	28
				lillabilling of killarnies. That's flat. Yet ware the wold, you!	29
				What's good for the gorse is a goad for the garden. Lethals lurk	30
450.31:1	**heimlocked**	Heim	home	heimlocked in logans. Loathe laburnums. Dash the gaudy death-	31
450.31:1	**heimlocked**	lockt	beckons, allures		
				cup! Bryony O'Bryony, thy name is Belladama! But enough of	32
				greenwood's gossip. Birdsnests is birdsnests. Thine to wait but	33
450.34:3	**wage.**	wage	dare	mine to wage. And now play sharp to me. Doublefirst I'll head	34

				foremost through all my examhoops. And what sensitive coin	35
				I'd be possessed of at Latouche's, begor, I'd sink it sumtotal, every	36
				FW 451	
				dolly farting, in vestments of subdominal poteen at prime cost	1
				and I bait you my chancey oldcoat against the whole ounce you	2
				half on your backboard (if madamaud strips mesdamines may	3
451.04:1	**cold strafe illglands!)**	Gott strafe England	God punish England	cold strafe illglands!) that I'm the gogetter that'd make it pay like	4
				cash registers as sure as there's a pot on a pole. And, what with one	5
				man's fish and a dozen men's poissons, sowing my wild plums to	6
451.07:7	**erbole**	er	he	reap ripe plentihorns mead, lashings of erbole and hydromel and	7
451.07:7	**erbole**	erb-	inherit		
451.07:7	**erbole**	Bowle	spiced wine		
				bragget, I'd come out with my magic fluke in close time, fair,	8
				free and frolicky, zooming tophole on the mart as a factor. And	9
				I tell you the Bective's wouldn't hold me. By the unsleeping	10
				Solman Annadromus, ye god of little pescies, nothing would	11
				stop me for mony makes multimony like the brogues and the	12
				kishes. Not the Ulster Rifles and the Cork Milice and the Dublin	13
				Fusees and Connacht Rangers ensembled! I'd axe the channon	14

				and leip a liffey and drink annyblack water that rann onme way.
451.16:6	**, mine shatz,**	mein Schatz	my treasure	Yip! How's thats for scats, mine shatz, for a lovebird? To funk is
451.16:12	**funk**	Funk-	spark	
				only peternatural its daring feers divine. Bebold! Like Varian's
				balaying all behind me. And before you knew where you
				weren't, I stake my ignitial's divy, cash-and-cash-can-again, I'd
				be staggering humanity and loyally rolling you over, my sow-
				white sponse, in my tons of red clover, nighty nigh to the metro-
				nome, fiehigh and fiehigher and fiehighest of all. Holy petter and
				pal, I'd spoil you altogether, my sumptuous Sheila! Mumm all
451.24:3	**brut**	brut-	brood, hatch	to do brut frull up fizz and unpop a few shortusians or shake a
				pale of sparkling ice, hear it swirl, happy girl! Not a spot of my
				hide but you'd love to seek and scanagain! There'd be no stand-
				ing me, I tell you. And, as gameboy as my pagan name K.C. is
				what it is, I'd never say let fly till we shot that blissup and
				swumped each other, manawife, into our sever nevers where I'd
				plant you, my Gizzygay, on the electric ottoman in the lap of
				lechery, simpringly stitchless with admiracion, among the most
				uxuriously furnished compartments, with sybarate chambers, just
				as I'd run my shoestring into near a million or so of them as a
				firstclass dealer and everything. Only for one thing that, how-
				over famiksed I would become, I'd he awful anxious, you under-

				stand, about shoepisser pluvious and in assideration of the terrible	36
				FW 452	
452.01:1	**luftsucks**	Luftzug	draft	luftsucks woabling around with the hedrolics in the coold amstop-	1
452.01:1	**luftsucks**	Luftsack	air-pocket		
452.02:4	**borting**	Borte	edge, border	here till the borting that would perish the Dane and his chapter	2
				of accidents to be atramental to the better half of my alltoolyrical	3
				health, not considering my capsflap, and that's the truth now out	4
				of the cackling bag for truly sure, for another thing, I never could	5
				tell the leest falsehood that would truthfully give sotisfiction. I'm	6
452.07:12	**earnst.**	Ernst	earnest	not talking apple sauce eithou. Or up in my hat. I earnst. Schue!	7
452.07:13	**. Schue!**	Schuh	shoe		
				Sissibis dearest, as I was reading to myself not very long ago	8
				in Tennis Flonnels Mac Courther, his correspondance, besated	9
				upon my tripos, and just thinking like thauthor how long I'd like	10
				myself to be continued at Hothelizod, peeking into the focus and	11
				pecking at thumbnail reveries, pricking up ears to my phono on	12
				the ground and picking up airs from th'other over th'ether, 'tis	13
				tramsported with grief I am this night sublime, as you may see	14
				by my size and my brow that's all forehead, to go forth, frank	15
				and hoppy, to the tune the old plow tied off, from our nostorey	16

				house, upon this benedictine errand but it is historically the most	17
				glorious mission, secret or profund, through all the annals of our	18
				— as you so often term her — efferfreshpainted livy, in beautific	19
				repose, upon the silence of the dead, from pharoph the nextfirst	20
				down to rameschekles the last bust thing. The Vico road goes	21
				round and round to meet where terms begin. Still onappealed	22
				to by the cycles and unappalled by the recoursers we feel all	23
				serene, never you fret, as regards our dutyful cask. Full of my	24
				breadth from pride I am (breezed be the healthy same!) for 'tis a	25
				grand thing (superb!) to be going to meet a king, not an every-	26
				night king, nenni, by gannies, but the overking of Hither-on-	27
				Thither Erin himself, pardee, I'm saying. Before there was patch	28
				at all on Ireland there lived a lord at Lucan. We only wish	29
				everyone was as sure of anything in this watery world as we are	30
				of everything in the newlywet fellow that's bound to follow. I'll	31
				lay you a guinea for a hayseed now. Tell mother that. And tell	32
				her tell her old one. 'Twill amuse her.	33
				Well, to the figends of Annanmeses with the wholeabuelish	34
				business! For I declare to Jeshuam I'm beginning to get sunsick!	35
				I'm not half Norawain for nothing. The fine ice so temperate	36
				FW 453	

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				of our, alas, those times are not so far off as you might wish to
				be congealed. So now, I'll ask of you, let ye create no scenes in
				my poor primmafore's wake. I don't want yous to be billow-
				fighting your biddy moriarty duels, gobble gabble, over me till
				you spit stout, you understand, after soused mackerel, sniffling
453.06:3	**hering**	Hering	herring	clambake to hering and impudent barney, braggart of blarney,
				nor you ugly lemoncholic gobs o'er the hobs in a sewing circle,
				stopping oddments in maids' costumes at sweeping reductions,
				wearing out your ohs by sitting around your ahs, making areek-
				eransy round where I last put it, with the painters in too,
				curse luck, with your rags up, exciting your mucuses, turning
				breakfarts into lost soupirs and salon thay nor you flabbies on
				your groaning chairs over Bollivar's troubles of a bluemoondag,
				steamin your damp ossicles, praying Holy Prohibition and Jaun
				Dyspeptist while Ole Clo goes through the wood with Shep
453.16:9	**Sommers**	Sommer	summer	togather, touting in the chesnut burrs for Goodboy Sommers
				and Mistral Blownowse hugs his kindlings when voiceyversy
				it's my gala bene fit, robbing leaves out of my taletold book.
				May my tunc fester if ever I see such a miry lot of maggalenes!
				Once upon a drunk and a fairly good drunk it was and the rest
				of your blatherumskite! Just a plain shays by the fire for absent-

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453.22:4	**Po**	Po	posterior	er Sh the Po and I'll make ye all an eastern hummingsphere of	22
				myself the moment that you name the way. Look in the slag	23
				scuttle and you'll see me sailspread over the singing, and what	24
				do ye want trippings for when you've Paris inspire your hat?	25
				Sussumcordials all round, let ye alloyiss and ominies, while I	26
				stray and let ye not be getting grief out of it, though blighted	27
				troth be all bereft, on my poor headsake, even should we forfeit	28
				our life. Lo, improving ages wait ye! In the orchard of the bones.	29
				Some time very presently now when yon clouds are dissipated	30
				after their forty years shower, the odds are, we shall all be hooked	31
				and happy, communionistically, among the fieldnights eliceam,	32
				élite of the elect, in the land of lost of time. Johannisburg's a re-	33
453.34:2	**! Deck**	deck-	cover	velation! Deck the diamants that never die! So cut out the lone-	34
453.34:4	**diamants**	Diamant	diamond		
				some stuff! Drink it up, ladies, please, as smart as you can lower	35
				it! Out with lent! Clap hands postilium! Fastintide is by. Your	36
				FW 454	
				sole and myopper must hereupon part company. So for e'er fare	1
454.02:2	**welt!**	Welt	world	thee welt! Parting's fun. Take thou, the wringle's thine, love.	2
454.03:4	**trost**	Trost	consolation	This dime doth trost thee from mine alms. Goodbye, swisstart,	3

454.03:8	**alms.**	Alm	mountain pasture		
454.04:2	**! Haugh! Haugh!**	Hoch!	hurrah!	goodbye! Haugh! Haugh! Sure, treasures, a letterman does be	4
454.04:2	**! Haugh! Haugh!**	hauch-	breathe		
				often thought reading ye between lines that do have no sense at	5
				all. I sign myself. With much leg. Inflexibly yours. Ann Posht	6
				the Shorn. To be continued. Huck!	7
				Something of a sidesplitting nature must have occurred to	8
454.09:7	**blossy**	bloß	bare	westminstrel Jaunathaun for a grand big blossy hearty stenor-	9
				ious laugh (even Drudge that lay doggo thought feathers fell)	10
				hopped out of his wooly's throat like a ball lifted over the	11
				head of a deep field, at the bare thought of how jolly they'd like	12
				to be trolling his whoop and all of them truetotypes in missam-	13
				men massness were just starting to spladher splodher with the	14
				jolly magorios, hicky hecky hock, huges huges huges, hughy	15
				hughy hughy, O Jaun, so jokable and so geepy, O, (Thou pure!	16
				Our virgin! Thou holy! Our health! Thou strong! Our victory!	17
				O salutary! Sustain our firm solitude, thou who thou well	18
				strokest! Hear, hairy ones! We have sued thee but late. Beauty	19
				parlous!) when suddenly (how like a woman!), swifter as mer-	20

				cury he wheels right round starnly on the Rizzies suddenly, with	21
454.22:5	**sternish (**	Stern	star	his gimlets blazing rather sternish (how black like thunder!), to	22
454.23:2	**what's loose.**	was ist los?	what is going on?	see what's loose. So they stood still and wondered. Till first he	23
				sighed (and how ill soufered!) and they nearly cried (the salt of	24
				the earth!) after which he pondered and finally he replied:	25
				— There is some thing more. A word apparting and shall the	26
				heart's tone be silent. Engagements, I'll beseal you! Fare thee	27
				well, fairy well! All I can tell you is this, my sorellies. It's prayers	28
454.29:11	**gang**	Gang	gait, walk	in layers all the thumping time, begor, the young gloria's gang	29
				voices the old doxologers, in the suburrs of the heavenly gardens,	30
				once we shall have passed, after surceases, all serene through	31
				neck and necklike Derby and June to our snug eternal retribu-	32
				tion's reward (the scorchhouse). Shunt us! shunt us! shunt us!	33
				If you want to be felixed come and be parked. Sacred ease there!	34
454.35:4	**pobbel**	Pöbel	rabble	The seanad and pobbel queue's remainder. To it, to it! Seekit	35
				headup! No petty family squabbles Up There nor homemade	36
				FW 455	
				hurricanes in our Cohortyard, no cupahurling nor apuckalips	1
				nor no puncheon jodelling nor no nothing. With the Byrns	2
				which is far better and eve for ever your idle be. You will hardly	3

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				reconnoitre the old wife in the new bustle and the farmer shinner	4
				in his latterday paint. It's the fulldress Toussaint's wakeswalks	5
				experdition after a bail motion from the chamber of horrus.	6
				Saffron buns or sovran bonhams whichever you'r avider to like	7
				it and lump it, but give it a name. Iereny allover irelands. And	8
				there's food for refection when the whole flock's at home. Hog-	9
455.10:2	**di'yegut?**	gut	good	manny di'yegut? Hogmanny di'yesmellygut? And hogmanny	10
455.10:4	**di'yesmellygu t?**	gut	good		
455.11:1	**di'yesmelly-patterygut?**	gut	good	di'yesmellyspatterygut? You take Joe Hanny's tip for it! Post-	11
455.11:4	**Joe Hanny's**	Johanna	Jean, Joan		
				martem is the goods. With Jollification a tight second. Toborrow	12
				and toburrow and tobarrow! That's our crass, hairy and ever-	13
				grim life, till one finel howdiedow Bouncer Naster raps on the	14
				bell with a bone and his stinkers stank behind him with the	15
				sceptre and the hourglass. We may come, touch and go, from	16
				atoms and ifs but we're presurely destined to be odd's without	17
				ends. Here we moult in Moy Kain and flop on the seemy side,	18
				living sure of hardly a doorstep for a stopgap, with Whogoes-	19
				there and a live sandbag round the corner. But upmeyant, Pro-	20
				spector, you sprout all your abel and woof your wings dead	21

455.22:4	**neuthing**	neu	new	certain however of neuthing whatever to aye forever while	22
				Hyam Hyam's in the chair. Ah, sure, pleasantries aside, in the tail	23
455.24:7	**daum**	Daumen	thumb	of the cow what a humpty daum earth looks our miseryme here-	24
				today as compared beside the Hereweareagain Gaieties of the	25
455.26:1	**Afterpiece**	After	hindquarters	Afterpiece when the Royal Revolver of these real globoes lets	26
				regally fire of his *mio colpo* for the chrisman's pandemon to give	27
				over and the Harlequinade to begin properly SPQueaRking	28
455.29:9	**Notshall.** #	Not	need, emergency	Mark Time's Finist Joke. Putting Allspace in a Notshall.	29
455.29:9	**Notshall.** #	Schall	resonance, sound		
				Well, the slice and veg joint's well in its way, and so is a	30
				ribroast and jackknife as sporten dish, but home cooking every-	31
				time. Mountains good mustard and, with the helpings of ladies'	32
				lickfings and gentlemen's relish, I've eaten a griddle. But I fill	33
				twice as stewhard what I felt before when I'm after eating a few	34
				natives. The crisp of the crackling is in the chawing. Give us an-	35
				other cup of your scald. Santos Mozos! That was a damn good	36
				FW 456	
				cup of scald! You could trot a mouse on it. I ingoyed your pick	1
				of hissing hot luncheon fine, I did, thanks awfully, (sublime!).	2

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				Tenderest bully ever I ate with the boiled protestants (allinoilia	3
				allinoilia!) only for your peas again was a taste of tooth psalty to	4
				carry flavour with my godown and hereby return with my best	5
				savioury condiments and a penny in the plate for the jemes.	6
				O.K. Oh Kosmos! Ah Ireland! A.I. And for kailkannonkabbis	7
				gimme Cincinnatis with Italian (but *ci vuol poco*!) ciccalick cheese,	8
				Haggis good, haggis strong, haggis never say die! For quid we	9
456.10:5	**lout!**	laut	loud, sound	have recipimus, recipe, O lout! And save that, Oliviero, for thy	10
				sunny day! Soupmeagre! Couldn't look at it! But if you'll buy me	11
				yon coat of the vairy furry best, I'll try and pullll it awn mee. It's in	12
				fairly good order and no doubt 'twill sarve to turn. Remove this	13
				boardcloth! Next stage, tell the tabler, for a variety of Hugue-	14
				not ligooms I'll try my set on edges grapeling an aigrydoucks,	15
456.16:7	**bloomancowls**	Blumenkohl	cauliflower	grilled over birchenrods, with a few bloomancowls in albies.	16
				I want to get outside monasticism. Mass and meat mar no man's	17
				journey. Eat a missal lest. Nuts for the nerves, a flitch for the flue	18
				and for to rejoice the chambers of the heart the spirits of the	19
				spice isles, curry and cinnamon, chutney and cloves. All the vital-	20
				mines is beginning to sozzle in chewn and the hormonies to	21
456.22:1	**clingleclangle,**	Klingel	bell, ring	clingleclangle, fudgem, kates and eaps and naboc and erics and	22
456.22:1	**clingleclangle,**	klingklang	ding-dong		
				oinnos on kingclud and xoxxoxo and xooxox xxoxoxxoxxx till	23

				I'm fustfed like fungstif and very presently from now posthaste	24
				it's off yourll see me ryuoll on my usual rounds again to draw	25
				Terminus Lower and Killadown and Letternoosh, Letterspeak,	26
				Lettermuck to Littorananima and the roomiest house even in	27
				Ireland, if you can understamp that, and my next item's platform	28
				it's how I'll try and collect my extraprofessional postages owing	29
				to me by Thaddeus Kellyesque Squire, dr, for nondesirable	30
				printed matter. The Jooks and the Kelly-Cooks have been	31
				milking turnkeys and sucking the blood out of the marshalsea	32
				since the act of First Offenders. But I know what I'll do. Great	33
				pains off him I'll take and that'll be your redletterday calendar,	34
				window machree! I'll knock it out of him! I'll stump it out of	35
				him! I'll rattattatter it out of him before I'll quit the doorstep of	36
				FW 457	
				old Con Connolly's residence! By the horn of twenty of both of	1
				the two Saint Collopys, blackmail him I will in arrears or my	2
				name's not penitent Ferdinand! And it's daily and hourly I'll	3
				nurse him till he pays me fine fee. Ameal.	4
				Well, here's looking at ye! If I never leave you biddies till	5
				my stave is a bar I'd be tempted rigidly to become a passionate	6

				father. Me hunger's weighed. Hungkung! Me anger's suaged!	7
				Hangkang! Ye can stop as ye are, little lay mothers, and wait in	8
457.09:7	**grame**	Gram	grief, affliction	wish and wish in vain till the grame reaper draws nigh, with	9
				the sickle of the sickles, as a blessing in disguise. Devil a curly	10
				hair I care! If any lightfoot Clod Dewvale was to hold me up,	11
				dicksturping me and marauding me of my rights to my onus, yan,	12
				tyan, tethera, methera, pimp, I'd let him have my best pair of	13
				galloper's heels in the creamsourer. He will have better manners,	14
457.15:8	**, drawhure**	Hure	prostitute	I'm dished if he won't! Console yourself, drawhure deelish!	15
				There's a refond of eggsized coming to you out of me so mind	16
				you do me duty on me! Bruise your bulge below the belt till I	17
				blewblack beside you. And you'll miss me more as the narrowing	18
				weeks wing by. Someday duly, oneday truly, twosday newly,	19
				till whensday. Look for me always at my west and I will think	20
				to dine. A tear or two in time is all there's toot. And then in a	21
				click of the clock, toot toot, and doff doff we pop with sinnerettes	22
				in silkettes lining longroutes fo His Diligence Majesty, our	23
				longdistance laird that likes creation. To whoosh!	24
				— Meesh, meesh, yes, pet. We were too happy. I knew some-	25
				thing would happen. I understand but listen, drawher nearest,	26
				Tizzy intercepted, flushing but flashing from her dove and dart	27
457.28:10	**flusther**	flüster	whisper	eyes as she tactilifully grapbed her male corrispondee to flusther	28

				sweet nunsongs in his quickturned ear, I know, benjamin brother,	29
				but listen, I want, girls palmassing, to whisper my whish. (She	30
				like them like us, me and you, had thoud he n'er it would haltin so	31
				lithe when leased is tacitempust tongue). Of course, engine dear,	32
				I'm ashamed for my life (I must clear my throttle) over this lost	33
				moment's gift of memento nosepaper which I'm sorry, my	34
				precious, is allathome I with grief can call my own but all the	35
457.36:6	**witwee's**	Witwe	widow	same, listen, Jaunick, accept this witwee's mite, though a jenny-	36
				FW 458	
458.01:2	**witween**	Witwe	widow	teeny witween piece torn in one place from my hands in second	1
				place of a linenhall valentino with my fondest and much left to	2
				tutor. X.X.X.X. It was heavily bulledicted for young Fr Ml,	3
				my pettest parriage priest, and you know who between us by	4
				your friend the pope, forty ways in forty nights, that's the	5
				beauty of it, look, scene it, ratty. Too perfectly priceless for	6
				words. And, listen, now do enhance me, oblige my fiancy and	7
				bear it with you morn till life's e'en and, of course, when never	8
				you make usage of it, listen, please kindly think galways again	9
				or again, never forget, of one absendee not sester Maggy. Ahim.	10
				That's the stupidest little cough. Only be sure you don't catch your	11

				cold and pass it on to us. And, since levret bounds and larks is	12
				soaring, don't be all the night. And this, Joke, a sprig of blue	13
				speedwell just a spell of floralora so you'll mind your veronique.	14
				Of course, Jer, I know you know who sends it, presents that	15
458.16:12	**obote,**	Bote	messenger	please, mercy, on the face of the waters like that film obote,	16
458.16:12	**obote,**	Boote	boats		
458.16:12	**obote,**	U-Boote	submarines		
				awfly charmig of course, but it doesn't do her justice, apart from	17
				her cattiness, in the magginbottle. Of course, please too write,	18
				won't you, and leave your little bag of doubts, inquisitive, be-	19
				hind you unto your utterly thine, and, thank you, forward it	20
				back by return pigeon's pneu to the loving in case I couldn't	21
				think who it was or any funforall happens I'll be so curiose to	22
				see in the Homesworth breakfast tablotts as I'll know etherways	23
				by pity bleu if it's good for my system, what exquisite buttons,	24
				gorgiose, in case I don't hope to soon hear from you. And thanks	25
				ever so many for the ten and the one with nothing at all on. I will	26
				tie a knot in my stringamejip to letter you with my silky paper,	27
				as I am given now to understand it will be worth my price in	28
				money one day so don't trouble to ans unless sentby special as	29
				I am getting his pay and wants for nothing so I can live simply	30
				and solely for my wonderful kinkless and its loops of loveliness.	31

				When I throw away my rollets there's rings for all. Flee a girl,	32
				says it is her colour. So does B and L and as for V! And listen	33
				to it! Cheveluir! So distant you're always. Bow your boche!	34
458.35:11	**praxis**	Praxis	practice	Absolutely perfect! I will pack my comb and mirror to praxis	35
				oval owes and artless awes and it will follow you pulpicly	36
				FW 459	
				as far as come back under all my eyes like my sapphire chap-	1
				lets of ringarosary I will say for you to the Allmichael and	2
459.03:10	**(msch! msch!)**	mische	mix	solve qui pu while the dovedoves pick my mouthbuds (msch!	3
459.03:10	**(msch! msch!)**	Mensch	man		
				msch!) with nurse Madge, my linkingclass girl, she's a fright,	4
				poor old dutch, in her sleeptalking when I paint the measles	5
				on her and mudstuskers to make her a man. We. We. Issy	6
				done that, I confesh! But you'll love her for her hessians	7
				and sickly black stockies, cleryng's jumbles, salvadged from	8
				the wash, isn't it the cat's tonsils! Simply killing, how she	9
				tidies her hair! I call her Sosy because she's sosiety for me	10
				and she says sossy while I say sassy and she says will	11
				you have some more scorns while I say won't you take a few	12
				more schools and she talks about ithel dear while I simply	13

				never talk about athel darling; she's but nice for enticing my	14
				friends and she loves your style considering she breaksin me	15
				shoes for me when I've arch trouble and she would kiss my	16
				white arms for me so gratefully but apart from that she's	17
				terribly nice really, my sister, round the elbow of Erne street	18
				Lower and I'll be strictly forbidden always and true in my own	19
459.20:10	**betrue**	betreue	care for, nurse	way and private where I will long long to betrue you along with	20
459.21:5	**betrue**	betreue	care for, nurse	one who will so betrue you that not once while I betreu him not	21
459.21:12	**betreu**	betreue	care for		
459.21:12	**betreu**	true	loyal		
				once well he be betray himself. Can't you understand? O bother,	22
				I must tell the trouth! My latest lad's loveliletter I am sore I done	23
				something with. I like him lots coss he never cusses. Pity bon-	24
				hom. Pip pet. I shouldn't say he's pretty but I'm cocksure he's	25
				shy. Why I love taking him out when I unletched his cordon	26
459.27:5	**atem!**	Atem	breath	gate. Ope, Jack, and atem! Obealbe myodorers and he dote so.	27
459.27:6	**! Obealbe**	ob	whether		
				He fell for my lips, for my lisp, for my lewd speaker. I felt for	28
				his strength, his manhood, his do you mind? There can be no	29
				candle to hold to it, can there? And, of course, dear professor, I	30
				understand. You can trust me that though I change thy name	31
				though not the letter never while I become engaged with my	32

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				first horsepower, masterthief of hearts, I will give your lovely	33
				face of mine away, my boyish bob, not for tons of donkeys, to	34
				my second mate, with the twirlers the engineer of the passio-	35
				flower (O the wicked untruth! whot a tell! that he has bought	36
				FW 460	
				me in his wellingtons what you haven't got!), in one of those	1
				pure clean lupstucks of yours thankfully, Arrah of the passkeys,	2
				no matter what. You may be certain of that, fluff, now I know	3
				how to tackle. Lock my mearest next myself. So don't keep me	4
				now for a good boy for the love of my fragrant saint, you villain,	5
				peppering with fear, my goodless graceless, or I'll first murder	6
				you but, hvisper, meet me after by next appointment near you	7
				know Ships just there beside the Ship at the future poor fool's	8
				circuts of lovemountjoy square to show my disrespects now, let	9
				me just your caroline for you, I must really so late. Sweet pig,	10
460.11:8	**simself**	Sims	cornice	he'll be furious! How he stalks to simself louther and lover,	11
				immutating aperybally. My prince of the courts who'll beat me	12
				to love! And I'll be there when who knows where with the	13
				objects of which I'll knowor forget. We say. Trust us. Our	14
				game. (For fun!) The Dargle shall run dry the sooner I you	15

460.16:10	**ulmost**	Ulm	elm	deny. Whoevery heard of such a think? Till the ulmost of all
				elmoes shall stele our harts asthone! And Mrs A'Mara makes
				it up and befriends with Mrs O'Morum! I will write down all
				your names in my gold pen and ink. Everyday, precious, while
460.20:8	**Jungfraud's**	Jungfrau	virgin	m'm'ry's leaves are falling deeply on my Jungfraud's Messonge-
460.20:9	**Messongeboo k**	Meßbuch	missal	
				book I will dream telepath posts dulcets on this isinglass stream
				(but don't tell him or I'll be the mort of him!) under the libans
				and the sickamours, the cyprissis and babilonias, where the
				frondoak rushes to the ask and the yewleaves too kisskiss them-
460.25:7	**hearz'waves**	Herz	heart	selves and 'twill carry on my hearz'waves my still waters reflec-
460.26:6	**von**	von	of	tions in words over Margrate von Hungaria, her Quaidy ways
				and her Flavin hair, to thee, Jack, ahoy, beyond the boysforus.
				Splesh of hiss splash springs your salmon. Twick twick, twinkle
				twings my twilight as Sarterday afternoon lex leap will smile on
				my fourinhanced twelvemonthsmind. And what's this I was
				going to say, dean? O, I understand. Listen, here I'll wait on thee
				till Thingavalla with beautiful do be careful teacakes, more stues-
				ser flavoured than Vanilla and blackcurrant there's a cure in, like
				a born gentleman till you'll resemble me, all the time you're
				awhile way, I swear to you, I will, by Candlemas! And listen,

				joey, don't be ennoyed with me, my old evernew, when, by the	36
				FW 461	
				end of your chapter, you citch water on the wagon for me being	1
				turned a star I'll dubeurry my two fesces under Pouts Vanisha	2
				Creme, their way for spilling cream, and, accent, umto extend	3
				my personnalitey to the latents, I'll boy me for myself only of	4
				expensive rainproof of pinked elephant's breath grey of the	5
				loveliest sheerest dearest widowshood over airforce blue I am	6
				so wild for, my precious once, Hope Bros., Faith Street, Charity	7
				Corner, as the bee loves her skyhighdeed, for I always had a	8
				crush on heliotrope since the dusess of yore cycled round the	9
				Finest Park, and listen. And never mind me laughing at what's	10
				atever! I was in the nerves but it's my last day. Always about	11
				this hour, I'm sorry, when our gamings for Bruin and Noselong	12
				is all oh you tease and afterdoon my lickle pussiness I stheal	13
461.14:1	**heimlick**	heimlich	secretly	heimlick in my russians from the attraction part with my terri-	14
				blitall boots calvescatcher Pinchapoppapoff, who is going to be	15
				a jennyroll, at my nape, drenched, love, with dripping to affec-	16
				tionate slapmamma but last at night, look, after my golden vio-	17
				lents wetting in my upperstairs splendidly welluminated with	18

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				such lidlylac curtains wallpapered to match the cat and a fire-
				please keep looking of priceless pearlogs I just want to see will
				he or are all Michales like that, I'll strip straight after devotions
				before his fondstare— and I mean it too, (thy gape to my gazing
461.23:10	**isonbound**	Eisen	iron	I'll bind and makeleash) and poke stiff under my isonbound with
461.23:10	**isonbound**	Eisenbahn	railway train	
				my soiedisante chineknees cheeckchubby chambermate for the
				night's foreign males and your name of Shane will come forth
461.26:4	**whesen**	Wesen	being	between my shamefaced whesen with other lipth I nakest open
				my thight when just woken by his toccatootletoo my first morn-
				ing. So now, to thalk thildish, thome, theated with Mag at the
				oilthan we are doing to thay one little player before doing to
				deed. An a tiss to the tassie for lu and for tu! Coach me how to
				tumble, Jaime, and listen, with supreme regards, Juan, in haste,
				warn me which to ah ah ah ah....
				— MEN! Juan responded fullchantedly to her sororal sono-
				rity, imitating himself capitally with his bubbleblown in his
				patapet and his chalished drink now well in hand. (A spilt, see,
				for a split, see see!) Ever gloriously kind! And I truly am
				FW 462

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				eucherised to yous. Also *sacré père* and *maître d'autel.* Well,
				ladies upon gentlermen and toastmaster general, let us, brindising
				brandisong, woo and win womenlong with health to rich vine-
				yards, Eriń go Dry! Amingst the living waters of, the living in
				giving waters of. Tight! Loose! A stiff one for Staffetta mullified
				with creams of hourmony, the coupe that's chill for jackless jill and
				a filiform dhouche on Doris! Esterelles, be not on your weeping
				what though Shaunathaun is in his fail! To stir up love's young
				fizz I tilt with this bridle's cup champagne, dimming douce from
462.10:8	**snowybrusted**	Brust	breast	her peepair of hideseeks, tightsqueezed on my snowybrusted and
				while my pearlies in their sparkling wisdom are nippling her
				bubblets I swear (and let you swear!) by the bumper round of
				my poor old snaggletooth's solidbowel I ne'er will prove I'm
				untrue to your liking (theare!) so long as my hole looks. Down.
				So gullaby, me poor Isley! But I'm not for forgetting me
				innerman monophone for I'm leaving my darling proxy behind
462.17:7	**Dancekerl,**	Kerl	man, guy	for your consolering, lost Dave the Dancekerl, a squamous run-
				away and a dear old man pal of mine too. He will arrive inces-
				santly in the fraction of a crust, who, could he quit doubling and
				stop tippling, he would be the unicorn of his kind. He's the
				mightiest penumbrella I ever flourished on behond the shadow
				of a post! Be sure and link him, me O treasauro, as often as you

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				learn provided there's nothing between you but a plain deal	23
				table only don't encourage him to cry lessontimes over Lepers-	24
				town. But soft! Can't be? Do mailstanes mumble? Lumtum	25
462.26:4	**froubadour!**	Frau	woman	lumtum! Now! The froubadour! I fremble! Talk of wolf in a	26
				stomach by all that's verminous! Eccolo me! The return of	27
				th'athlate! Who can secede to his success! Isn't Jaunstown,	28
462.29:1	**, Ousterrike,**	Österreich	Austria	Ousterrike, the small place after all? I knew I smelt the garlic	29
462.29:1	**, Ousterrike,**	Auster	oyster		
462.30:5	**swits,**	Schwitz-	Swiss, sweat	leek! Why, bless me swits, here he its, darling Dave, like	30
				the catoninelives just in time as if he fell out of space, all	31
				draped in mufti, coming home to mourn mountains from his	32
				old continence and not on one foot either or on two feet	33
				aether but on quinquisecular cycles after his French evolution	34
				and a blindfold passage by the 4.32 with the pork's pate in his	35
				suicide paw and the gulls laughing lime on his natural skunk,	36
				FW 463	
				blushing like Pat's pig, begob! He's not too timtom well ashamed	1
				to carry out onaglibtograbakelly in his showman's sinister the	2
				testymonicals he gave his twenty annis orf, showing the three	3
				white feathers, as a home cured emigrant in Paddyouare far be-	4

				low on our sealevel. Bearer may leave the church, signed, Figura	5
463.06:3	**Magnaffica.**	Affe	ape	Porca, Lictor Magnaffica. He's the sneaking likeness of us, faith,	6
				me altar's ego in miniature and every Auxonian aimer's ace as	7
				nasal a Romeo as I am, for ever cracking quips on himself, that	8
				merry, the jeenjakes, he'd soon arise mother's roses mid bedew-	9
				ing tears under those wild wet lashes onto anny living girl's	10
				laftercheeks. That's his little veiniality. And his unpeppeppedi-	11
				ment. He has novel ideas I know and he's a jarry queer fish be-	12
				times, I grant you, and cantanberous, the poisoner of his word,	13
				but lice and all and semicoloured stainedglasses, I'm enormously	14
				full of that foreigner, I'll say I am! Got by the one goat, suckled	15
				by the same nanna, one twitch, one nature makes us oldworld	16
				kin. We're as thick and thin now as two tubular jawballs. I hate	17
				him about his patent henesy, plasfh it, yet am I amorist. I love	18
				him. I love his old portugal's nose. There's the nasturtium for	19
				ye now that saved manny a poor sinker from water on the grave.	20
				The diasporation of all pirates and quinconcentrum of a fake like	21
				Basilius O'Cormacan MacArty? To camiflag he turned his shirt.	22
				Isn't he after borrowing all before him, making friends with	23
463.24:4	**Rossya,**	Roß	steed	everybody red in Rossya, white in Alba and touching every dis-	24
				tinguished Ourishman he could ever distinguish before or be-	25
				hind from a Yourishman for the customary halp of a crown and	26

				peace? He is looking aged with his pebbled eyes, and johnnythin	27
				too, from livicking on pidgins' ifs with puffins' ands, he's been	28
				slanderising himself, but I pass no remark. Hope he hasn't the	29
				cholera. Give him an eyot in the farout. Moseses and Noasies,	30
				how are you? He'd be as snug as Columbsisle Jonas wrocked in	31
				the belly of the whaves, as quotad before. Bravo, senior chief!	32
463.33:1	**! Famose!**	famos	splendid	Famose! Sure there's nobody else in touch anysides to hold a	33
463.34:13	**prisonpotstill**	Postille	book of family sermons	chef's cankle to the darling at all for sheer dare with that prison-	34
				potstill of spanish breans on him like the knave of trifles! A jolly-	35
				tan fine demented brick and the prince of goodfilips! Dave	36
				FW 464	
				knows I have the highest of respect of annyone in my oweand	1
				smooth way for that intellectual debtor (Obbligado!) Mushure	2
				David R. Crozier. And we're the closest of chems. Mark my use	3
				of you, cog! Take notice how I yemploy, crib! Be ware as you,	4
				I foil, coppy! It's a pity he can't see it for I'm terribly nice about	5
464.06:7	**flamme!**	Flamme	flame	him. Canwyll y Cymry, the marmade's flamme! A leal of the	6
464.07:9	***Shervos!***	Servus	(greeting)	O'Looniys, a Brazel aboo! The most omportent man! *Shervos!*	7
				Ho, be the holy snakes, someone has shaved his rough diamond	8
				skull for him as clean as Nuntius' piedish! The burnt out	9

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464.10:7	**Thunderweath er,**	Donnerwetter	thunderstorm (expletive)	mesh and the matting and all! Thunderweather, khyber schinker	10
464.10:8	**, khyber schinker**	kaibe, cheibe	(Swiss expletive)		
464.10:8	**, khyber schinker**	Schinken	ham		
				escapa sansa pagar! He's the spatton spit, so he is, scaly skin	11
				and all, with his blackguarded eye and the goatsbeard in	12
				his buttinghole of Shemuel Tulliver, me grandsourd, the old	13
				cruxader, when he off with his paudeen! That was to let the	14
				crowd of the Flu Flux Fans behind him see me proper. Ah,	15
				he's very thoughtful and sympatrico that way is Brother Intelli-	16
				gentius, when he's not absintheminded, with his Paris addresse!	17
				He is, really. Holdhard till you'll ear him clicking his bull's	18
				bones! Some toad klakkin! You're welcome back, Wilkins, to	19
464.20:12	**pfeife**	Pfeife	pipe, whistle	red berries in the frost! And here's the butter exchange to pfeife	20
464.21:11	**yunker**	Junker	young aristocrat	and dramn ye with a bawlful of the Moulsaybaysse and yunker	21
464.22:2	**wanked**	wanken	stagger	doodler wanked to wall awriting off his phoney. I'm tired hair-	22
464.22:5	**awriting**	reiten	ride		
				ing of you. Hat yourself! Give us your dyed dextremity here,	23
				frother, the Claddagh clasp! I met with dapper dandy and he	24
				shocked me big the hamd. Where's your watch keeper? You've	25

				seen all sorts in shapes and sizes, marauding about the moppa-	26
464.27:10	**Auster**	Auster	oyster	mound. How's the cock and the bullfight? And old Auster and	27
464.28:1	**Hungrig?**	hungrig	hungry	Hungrig? And the Beer and Belly and the Boot and Ball? Not	28
				forgetting the oils of greas under that turkey in julep and Father	29
464.30:1	**Freeshots**	Freischütz	free-archer; (opera)	Freeshots Feilbogen in his rockery garden with the costard? And	30
464.30:2	**Feilbogen**	feil	vanal, mercenary		
464.30:2	**Feilbogen**	Pfeil	arrow		
464.30:2	**Feilbogen**	Bogen	bow		
464.31:7	**Grab**	Grab	grave	did you meet with Peadhar the Grab at all? And did you call on	31
				Tower Geesyhus? Was Mona, my own love, no bigger than she	32
				should be, making up to you in her bestbehaved manor when	33
464.34:4	**breastlaw**	Breslau	(city)	you made your breastlaw and made her, tell me? And did you	34
				like the landskip from Lambay? I'm better pleased than ten	35
464.36:2	**! You rejoice me!**	(literally) du erfreut mich	you make me glad	guidneys! You rejoice me! Faith, I'm proud of you, french davit!	36
				FW 465	
				You've surpassed yourself! Be introduced to yes! This is me aunt	1
				Julia Bride, your honour, dying to have you languish to scan-	2
				dal in her bosky old delltangle. You don't reckoneyes him? He's	3

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				Jackot the Horner who boxed in his corner, jilting no fewer than	4
				three female bribes. That's his penals. *Shervorum!* You haven't	5
				seen her since she stepped into her drawoffs. Come on, spinister,	6
465.07:8	**! Weih, [...] shamewaugh!**	Weih	kite, hen-harrier	do your stuff! Don't be shoy, husbandmanvir! Weih, what's on	7
465.07:8	**! Weih, [...] shamewaugh!**	Weihrauch	incense		
465.08:2	**, wip?**	Weib	wife, woman	you, wip? Up the shamewaugh! She has plenty of woom in the	8
				smallclothes for the bothsforus, nephews push! Hatch yourself	9
465.10:7	**biss**	bis	until	well! Enjombyourselves thurily! Would you wait biss she buds	10
465.10:7	**biss**	biß	bite		
				till you bite on her? Embrace her bashfully by almeans at my	11
				frank incensive and tell her in your semiological agglutinative yez,	12
				how Idos be asking after her. Let us be holy and evil and let her	13
				be peace on the bough. Sure, she fell in line with our tripertight	14
				photos as the lyonised mails when we were stablelads together	15
				like the corks again brothers, hungry and angry, cavileer	16
				grace by roundhered force, or like boyrun to sibster, me and	17
				you, shinners true and pinchme, our tertius quiddus, that never	18
				talked or listened. Always raving how we had the wrinkles of	19
				a snailcharmer and the slits and sniffers of a fellow that fell foul	20
				of the county de Loona and the meattrap of the first vegetarian.	21

				To be had for the asking. Have a hug! Take her out of poor	22
				tuppeny luck before she goes off in pure treple licquidance. I'd	23
				give three shillings a pullet to the canon for the conjugation to	24
465.25:7	**leberally**	Leber	liver	shadow you kissing her from me leberally all over as if she was a	25
				crucifix. It's good for her bilabials, you understand. There's no-	26
				thing like the mistletouch for finding a queen's earring false.	27
				Chink chink. As the curly bard said after kitchin the womn in	28
				his hym to the hum of her garments. You try a little tich to the	29
465.30:6	**racist**	ist	is	tissle of his tail. The racist to the racy, rossy. The soil is for the	30
465.30:10	**, rossy.**	Roß	steed		
				self alone. Be ownkind. Be kithkinish. Be bloodysibby. Be irish.	31
				Be inish. Be offalia. Be hamlet. Be the property plot. Be Yorick	32
				and Lankystare. Be cool. Be mackinamucks of yourselves. Be	33
				finish. No martyr where the preature is there's no plagues like	34
				rome. It gives up the gripes. Watch the swansway. Take your	35
				tiger over it. The leady on the lake and the convict of the forest.	36
				FW 466	
				Why, they might be Babau and Momie! Yipyip! To pan! To	1
				pan! To tinpinnypan. All folly me yap to Curlew! Give us a pin	2
				for her and we'll call it a tossup. Can you reverse positions?	3

				Lets have a fuchu all round, courting cousins! Quuck, the duck
				of a woman for quack, the drake of a man, her little live apples
				for Leas and love potients for Leos, the next beast king. Put
				me down for all ringside seats. I can feel you being corrupted.
				Recoil. I can see you sprouting scruples. Get back. And as
				he's boiling with water I'll light your pyre. Turn about, skeezy
				Sammy, out of metaphor, till we feel are you still tropeful
				of popetry. Told you so. If you doubt of his love of darearing
				his feelings you'll very much hurt for mishmash mastufractured
				on europe you can read off the tail of his. Rip ripper rippest and
				jac jac jac. Dwell on that, my hero and lander! That's the side
				that appeals to em, the wring wrong way to wright woman. Shuck
				her! Let him! What he's good for. Shuck her more! Let him
				again! All she wants! Could you wheedle a staveling encore out
466.18:4	**jubalharp,**	Jubel	jubilation	of your imitationer's jubalharp, hey, Mr Jinglejoys? Congrega-
				tional singing. Rota rota ran the pagoda *con dio in capo ed il dia-*
				volo in coda. Many a diva devoucha saw her Dauber Dan at the
				priesty pagoda Rota ran. Uck! He's so sedulous to singe always
466.22:11	**foreboden**	verboten	forbidden	if prumpted, the mirthprovoker! Grunt unto us, I pray, your fore-
466.22:11	**foreboden**	Boden	floor; attic	
				boden article in our own deas dockandoilish introducing the
				death of Nelson with coloraturas! *Coraio, fra!* And I'll string

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				second to harmanize. My loaf and pottage neaheaheahear Ro-	25
				chelle. With your dumpsey diddely dumpsey die, fiddeley fa.	26
				Diavoloh! Or come on, schoolcolours, and we'll scrap, rug and	27
466.28:11	**. Bitrial**	(literally) Zweikampf	duel	mat and then be as chummy as two bashed spuds. Bitrial bay	28
466.29:1	**holmgang**	Holmgang	duel to the death	holmgang or betrayal buy jury. Attaboy! Fee gate has Heenan	29
466.29:7	**! Fee gate has Heenan hoity, mind uncle Hare?**	Wie geht es Ihnen heute, mein dunkler Herr?	How are you today, my dark sir?		
				hoity, mind uncle Hare? What, sir? Poss, myster? Acheve! Thou,	30
				thou! What say ye? *Taurus periculosus, morbus pedeiculosus.*	31
				Miserere mei in miseribilibus! There's uval lavguage for you! The	32
				tower is precluded, the mob's in her petticoats; Mr R. E. Meehan	33
				is in misery with his billyboots. Begob, there's not so much	34
466.35:10	**stones**	stöhnen	groan	green in his Ireland's eye! Sweet fellow ovocal, he stones out of	35
				stune. But he could be near a colonel with a voice like that. The	36
				FW 467	
				bark is still there but the molars are gone. The misery billyboots	1
				I used to lend him before we split and, be the hole in the year,	2

				they were laking like heaven's reflexes. But I told him make your
				will be done and go to a general and I'd pray confessions for
				him. Areesh! Areesh! And I'll be your intrepider. Ambras!
467.06:9	**bissing**	biß	bite	Ruffle her! Bussing was before the blood and bissing will behind
				the curtain. Triss! Did you note that worrid expressionism on
				his megalogue? A full octavium below me! And did you hear
				his browrings rattlemaking when he was preaching to himself?
				And, whoa! do you twig the schamlooking leaf greeping ghastly
				down his blousyfrock? Our national umbloom! Areesh! He
467.12:9	**onkel**	Onkel	uncle	won't. He's shoy. Those worthies, my old faher's onkel that
				was garotted, Caius Cocoa Codinhand, that I lost in a crowd,
467.14:11	**yuonkle's**	Onkle	uncle	used to chop that tongue of his, japlatin, with my yuonkle's
				owlseller, Woowoolfe Woodenbeard, that went stomebathred,
				in the Tower of Balbus, as brisk, man, as I'd scoff up muttan
				chepps and lobscouse. But it's all deafman's duff to me,
				begob. Sam knows miles bettern me how to work the
				miracle. And I see by his diarrhio he's dropping the stammer
				out of his silenced bladder since I bonded him off more as a
				friend and as a brother to try and grow a muff and canonise his
				dead feet down on the river airy by thinking himself into the
				fourth dimension and place the ocean between his and ours,
				the churchyard in the cloister of the depths, after he was capped

				out of beurlads scoel for the sin against the past participle and
				earned the factitation of codding chaplan and being as homely
				gauche as swift B.A.A. Who gets twickly fullgets twice as alle-
				manden huskers. But the whacker his word the weaker our ears
				for auracles who parles parses orileys. Illstarred punster, lipster-
				ing cowknucks. 'Twas the quadra sent him and Trinity too. And
				he can cantab as chipper as any oxon ever I mood with, a tiptoe
				singer! He'll prisckly soon hand tune your Erin's ear for you.
				p.p. a mimograph at a time, numan bitter, with his ancomartins
				to read the road roman with false steps ad Pernicious from
				rhearsilvar ormolus to torquinions superbers while I'm far
				away from wherever thou art serving my tallyhos and tullying
				FW 468
				my hostilious by going in by the most holy recitatandas *ffff* for
				my varsatile examinations in the ologies, to be a coach on the
				Fukien mission. P? F? How used you learn me, brather
				soboostius, in my augustan days? With cesarella looking on.
				In the beginning was the gest he jousstly says, for the end is
				with woman, flesh-without-word, while the man to be is in a
				worse case after than before since she on the supine satisfies

468.08:5	**! Toughtough,**	tauf-	baptize	the verg to him! Toughtough, tootoological. Thou the first	8
468.09:2	**shingeller.**	Geller	one who yells, calls shrilly	person shingeller. Art, an imperfect subjunctive. Paltry,	9
				flappent, had serious. Miss Smith onamatterpoetic. Hammis-	10
				andivis axes colles waxes warmas like sodullas. So pick your	11
				stops with fondnes snow. And mind you twine the twos	12
				noods of your nicenames. And pull up your furbelovs as far-	13
				above as you're farthingales. That'll hint him how to click the	14
				trigger. Show you shall and won't he will! His hearing is in-	15
				doubting just as my seeing is onbelieving. So dactylise him up	16
468.17:6	**blink**	blick	look	to blankpoint and let him blink for himself where you speak the	17
				best ticklish. You'll feel what I mean. Fond namer, let me never	18
				see thee blame a kiss for shame a knee!	19
				Echo, read ending! Siparioramoci! But from the stress of	20
				their sunder enlivening, ay clasp, deciduously, a nikrokosmikon	21
				must come to mike.	22
				— Well, my positively last at any stage! I hate to look at alarms	23
				but, however they put on my watchcraft, must now close as I	24
				hereby hear by ear from by seeless socks 'tis time to be up and	25
				ambling. Mymiddle toe's mitching, so mizzle I must else 'twill	26
				sarve me out. Gulp a bulper at parting and the moore the	27
				melodest! Farewell but whenever, as Tisdall told Toole.	28

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				Tempos fidgets. Let flee me fiacckles, says the grand old mano-	29
468.30:7	**, hoodies**	Hode	testicle	ark, stormcrested crowcock and undulant hair, hoodies tway!	30
				Yes, faith, I am as mew let freer, beneath me corthage, bound.	31
				I'm as bored now bawling beersgrace at sorepaws there as Andrew	32
				Clays was sharing sawdust with Daniel's old collie. This shack's	33
				not big enough for me now. I'm dreaming of ye, azores. And, re-	34
				member this, a chorines, there's the witch on the heath, sistra!	35
468.36:3	**hourihaared**	Haar	hair	'Bansheeba peeling hourihaared while her Orcotron is hoaring	36
				FW 469	
				ho. And whinn muinnuit flittsbit twinn her ttittshe cries	1
				tallmidy! Daughters of the heavens, be lucks in turnabouts	2
				to the wandering sons of red loam! The earth's atrot! The	3
				sun's a scream! The air's a jig. The water's great! Seven oldy	4
				oldy hills and the one blue beamer. I'm going. I know I am.	5
				I could bet I am. Somewhere I must get far away from Banba-	6
469.07:8	**staffet,**	Stafette	relay race	shore, wherever I am. No saddle, no staffet, but spur on the	7
				moment! So I think I'll take freeboots' advise. Psk! I'll borrow	8
				a path to lend me wings, quickquack, and from Jehusalem's	9
				wall, clickclack, me courser's clear, to Cheerup street I'll travel	10
				the void world over. It's Winland for moyne, bickbuck! Jee-	11

469.12:5	**nettly**	nett	nice	jakers! I hurt meself nettly that time! Come, my good frog-	12
				marchers! We felt the fall but we'll front the defile. Was not my	13
469.14:2	**mutther,**	Mutter	mother	olty mutther, Sereth Maritza, a Runningwater? And the bould	14
				one that quickened her the seaborne Fingale? I feel like that	15
469.16:8	**Groenmund's**	Mund	mouth	hill of a whaler went yulding round Groenmund's Circus with	16
				his tree full of seaweeds and Dinky Doll asleep in her shell.	17
				Hazelridge has seen me. Jerne valing is. Squall aboard for Kew,	18
				hop! Farewell awhile to her and thee! The brine's my bride to	19
469.20:6	**danked**	dank-	thank	be. Lead on, Macadam, and danked be he who first sights Halt	20
469.21:1	**Linduff!**	lind	gentle, soft	Linduff! Solo, solone, solong! Lood Erynnana, ware thee wail!	21
				With me singame soarem o'erem! Here's me take off. Now's	22
469.23:3	**nimmer,**	nimmer	never	nunc or nimmer, siskinder! Here goes the enemy! Bennydick	23
469.23:4	**, siskinder!**	süße Kinder	sweet children		
				hotfoots onimpudent stayers! Sorry! I bless alls to the whished	24
				with this panromain apological which Watllwewhistlem sang to	25
				the kerrycoys. Break ranks! After wage-of-battle bother I am	26
469.27:9	**. Adry.**	drei	three	thinking most. Fik yew! I'm through. Won. Toe. Adry. You	27
				watch my smoke.	28
				After poor Jaun the Boast's last fireless words of postludium	29
				of his soapbox speech ending in'sheaven, twentyaid add one with	30
				a flirt of wings were pouring to his bysistance (could they snip	31
				that curl of curls to lay with their gloves and keep the kids	32

				bright!) prepared to cheer him should he leap or to curse him	33
				should he fall, but, with their biga triga rheda rodeo, the cherubs	34
				in the charabang, set down here and sedan chair, don't you	35
				wish you'd a yoke or a bit in your mouth, repulsing all attempts	36
				FW 470	
				at first hands on, as no es nada, our greatly misunderstood one	1
				we perceived to give himself some sort of a hermetic prod or	2
				kick to sit up and take notice, which acted like magic, while	3
				the phalanx of daughters of February Filldyke, embushed and	4
				climbing, ramblers and weeps, voiced approval in their customary	5
				manner by dropping kneedeep in tears over their concelebrated	6
				meednight sunflower, piopadey boy, their solase in dorckaness,	7
				and splattering together joyously the plaps of their tappyhands	8
				as, with a cry of genuine distress, so prettly prattly pollylogue,	9
				they viewed him, the just one, their darling, away.	10
				A dream of favours, a favourable dream. They know how they	11
				believe that they believe that they know. Wherefore they wail.	12
470.13:2	**jourd'weh!**	Weh	woe, pain	Eh jourd'weh! Oh jourd'woe! dosiriously it psalmodied. Gues-	13
470.13:8	**Guesturn's**	gestern	yesterday		

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	lothlied				
470.13:8	**Guesturn's lothlied**	Lied	song		
				turn's lothlied answring to-maronite's wail.	14
470.15:3	**esaltarshomin g**	Esel	donkey	Oasis, cedarous esaltarshoming Leafboughnoon!	15
				Oisis, coolpressus onmountof Sighing!	16
				Oasis, palmost esaltarshoming Gladdays!	17
470.18:2	**, phantastichal**	tast-	touch	Oisis, phantastichal roseway anjerichol!	18
470.18:2	**, phantastichal**	Stich	stitch, prick		
				Oasis, newleavos spaciosing encampness!	19
				Oisis, plantainous dewstuckacqmirage playtennis!	20
				Pipetto, Pipetta has misery unnoticed!	21
				But the strangest thing happened. Backscuttling for the hop	22
				off with the odds altogether in favour of his tumbling into the	23
				river, Jaun just then I saw to collect from the gentlest weaner	24
470.25:3	**weiners, (**	Weiner	one who cries	among the weiners, (who by this were in half droopleaflong	25
470.25:3	**weiners, (**	Wein	wine		
				mourning for the passing of the last post) the familiar yellow	26
				label into which he let fall a drop, smothered a curse, choked a	27
				guffaw, spat expectoratiously and blew his own trumpet. And next	28
				thing was he gummalicked the stickyback side and stamped the	29

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				oval badge of belief to his agnelows brow with a genuine	30
				dash of irrepressible piety that readily turned his ladylike	31
				typmanzelles capsy curvy (the holy scamp!), with half a	32
				glance of Irish frisky (a Juan Jaimesan *hastaluego*) from under	33
				the shag of his parallel brows. It was then he made as if be	34
				but waved instead a handacross the sea as notice to quit while	35
470.36:6	**widdershins (**	Wiedersehen	see again	the pacifettes made their armpacts widdershins (Frida! Freda!	36
470.36:6	**widdershins (**	Widder	ram		
470.36:6	**widdershins (**	Widersinn	contradiction		
470.36:7	**(Frida!**	Frida	dim. of Friederike		
470.36:7	**(Frida!**	Friede	peace		
				FW 471	
				Paza! Paisy! Irine! Areinette! Bridomay! Bentamai! Soso-	1
				sopky! Bebebekka! Bababadkessy! Ghugugoothoyou! Dama!	2
				Damadomina! Takiya! Tokaya! Scioccara! Siuccherillina! Peoc-	3
				chia! Peucchia! Ho Mi Hoping! Ha Me Happinice! Mirra! My-	4
				rha! Solyma! Salemita! Sainta! Sianta! O Peace!), but in self-	5
471.06:9	**widerembrace**	wider-	mutual, again	righting the balance of his corporeity to reexchange widerem-	6
				brace with the pillarbosom of the Dizzier he loved prettier, be-	7
				tween estellos and venoussas, bad luck to the lie but when next	8

				to nobody expected, their star and gartergazer at the summit of	9
				his climax, he toppled a lipple on to the off and, making a brand-	10
				new start for himself to run down his easting, by blessing hes	11
				sthers with the sign of the southern cross, his bungaloid borsa-	12
				line with the hedgygreen bound blew off in a loveblast (award	13
				for trover!) and Jawjon Redhead, bucketing after, meccamaniac,	14
				(the headless shall have legs!), kingscouriered round with an easy	15
471.16:9	**stadion**	Stadion	stadium	rush and ready relays by the bridge a stadion beyond Ladycastle	16
				(and what herm but he narrowly missed fouling her buttress for	17
				her but for he acqueducked) and then, cocking a snook at the	18
471.19:10	**fahr**	fahr	ride, drive	stock of his sermons, so mear and yet so fahr from that region's	19
				general, away with him at the double, the hulk of a garron,	20
471.21:12	**wind hound**	Windhund	grayhound; thoughtless boy	pelting after the road, on Shanks's mare, let off like a wind hound	21
				loose (the bouchal! you'd think it was that moment they gave	22
				him the jambos!) with a posse of tossing hankerwaves to his	23
				windward like seraph's summonses on the air and a tempest of	24
				good things in packetshape teeming from all accounts into the	25
				funnel of his fanmail shrimpnet, along the highroad of the	26
				nation, Traitor's Track, following which fond floral fray he was	27
				quickly lost to sight through the statuemen though without a	28
				doubt he was all the more on that same head to memory dear	29

				while Sickerson, that borne of bjoerne, *la garde auxiliaire* she	30
471.31:2	**, hellyg**	Helligkeit	clarity, lightness	murmured, hellyg Ursulinka, full of woe (and how fitlier should	31
				goodboy's hand be shook than by the warmin of her besom	32
				that wrung his swaddles?): *Where maggot Harvey kneeled till bags?*	33
				Ate Andrew coos hogdam farvel!	34
471.35:10	**Haun,**	Hahn	cock	Wethen, now, may the good people speed you, rural Haun,	35
				export stout fellow that you are, the crooner born with sweet	36
				FW 472	
				wail of evoker, healing music, ay, and heart in hand of Sham-	1
				rogueshire! The googoos of the suckabolly in the rockabeddy are	2
				become the copiosity of wiseableness of the friarylayman in the	3
				pulpitbarrel. May your bawny hair grow rarer and fairer, our own	4
				only wideheaded boy! Rest your voice! Feed your mind! Mint	5
				your peas! Coax your qyous! Come to disdoon blarmey and	6
				walk our groves so charming and see again the sweet rockelose	7
				where first you hymned *O Ciesa Mea!* and touch the light the-	8
				orbo! Songster, angler, choreographer! Piper to prisoned! Musi-	9
				cianship made Embrassador-at-Large! Good by nature and	10
				natural by design, had you but been spared to us, Hauneen lad,	11
				but sure where's the use my talking quicker when I know you'll	12

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				hear me all astray? My long farewell I send to you, fair dream of
				sport and game and always something new. Gone is Haun! My
				grief, my ruin! Our Joss-el-Jovan! Our Chris-na-Murty! 'Tis well
				you'll be looked after from last to first as yon beam of light we
				follow receding on your photophoric pilgrimage to your anti-
				podes in the past, you who so often consigned your distributory
				tidings of great joy into our nevertoolatetolove box, mansuetudi-
				nous manipulator, victimisedly victorihoarse, dearest Haun of
				all, you of the boots, true as adie, stepwalker, pennyatimer,
				lampaddyfair, postanulengro, our rommanychiel! Thy now pal-
				ing light lucerne we ne'er may see again. But could it speak how
				nicely would it splutter to the four cantons praises be to thee,
				our pattern sent! For you had — may I, in our, your and their
				names, dare to say it? — the nucleus of a glow of a zeal of soul
				of service such as rarely, if ever, have I met with single men.
				Numerous are those who, nay, there are a dozen of folks still
				unclaimed by the death angel in this country of ours today,
				humble indivisibles in this grand continuum, overlorded by fate
				and interlarded with accidence, who, while there are hours and
				days, will fervently pray to the spirit above that they may never
				depart this earth of theirs till in his long run from that place
				where the day begins, ere he retourneys postexilic, on that day

				that belongs to joyful Ireland, the people that is of all time, the
				old old oldest, the young young youngest, after decades of
				FW 473
				longsuffering and decennia of brief glory, to mind us of what
				was when and to matter us of the withering of our ways, their
473.03:6	**Sylvester (**	Sylvester	New Year's	Janyouare Fibyouare wins true from Sylvester (only Walker
				himself is like Waltzer, whimsicalissimo they go murmurand)
				comes marching ahome on the summer crust of the flagway.
				Life, it is true, will be a blank without you because avicuum's not
				there at all, to nomore cares from nomad knows, ere Molochy
				wars bring the devil era, a slip of the time between a date and a
				ghostmark, rived by darby's chilldays embers, spatched fun
				Juhn that dandyforth, from the night we are and feel and fade
				with to the yesterselves we tread to turnupon.
				But, boy, you did your strong nine furlong mile in slick and
				slapstick record time and a farfetched deed it was in troth, cham-
				pion docile, with your high bouncing gait of going and your
				feat of passage will be contested with you and through you, for
				centuries to come. The phaynix rose a sun before Erebia sank his
				smother! Shoot up on that, bright Bennu bird! *Va faotre!*

				Eftsoon so too will our own sphoenix spark spirt his spyre
				and sunward stride the rampante flambe. Ay, already the
				sombrer opacities of the gloom are sphanished! Brave footsore
				Haun! Work your progress! Hold to! Now! Win out, ye divil ye!
				The silent cock shall crow at last. The west shall shake the east
				awake. Walk while ye have the night for morn, lightbreakfast-
				bringer, morroweth whereon every past shall full fost sleep.
				Amain.

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*Liebfrauen Kirche, Weinberg Strasse 34, Zurich,
which Joyce may have visited.*

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Appendix One

Helmut Bonheim

Peface to *A Lexicon of the German in* Finnegans Wake

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James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* is in some senses a remarkable example of group effort: a great many people helped Joyce gather material for it over a period of seventeen years; and even a rudimentary reading of a page is best performed by a committee of scholars.

Unfortunately no scholar can be expected to come to this epic work with a knowledge of the score or so of languages which Joyce used in writing it. My list of German words in Joyce's book seeks to supply non-German readers with a modest but indispensable aid which, though dull and unconvincing by itself, when used in conjunction with *Finnegans Wake* will help penetrate the obscurities of that encyclopedic work. The reader will find that a knowledge of German adds immeasurably to his reading of the work; and it is my hope that similar lists can be prepared for the other main languages drawn upon by Joyce.

Listed are those words which are in some respect German, not in alphabetical order but according to their sequence in the book. The page and line numbers refer to American printings of 1958 and after (Viking Press) and to English editions of 1950 and after (Faber and Faber). Only in a very few instances will readers with earlier editions note minor discrepancies. For each *Wake*-word listed, the German contents of the word together with an English translation has been supplied. Some entries will seem altogether convincing in the list, less so in their context, while others may appear unlikely or farfetched in the list but useful and essential to the reader who refers back to

Finnegans Wake. The translations are often not of the obvious dictionary sort; they are designed to convey the meaning of a German word only as it seems to be used in Joyce's text. Thus I have allowed numerous inconsistencies in citing German forms, especially verb-forms in all tenses and persons; infinitives, imperatives, or roots may be given as called for by the context. The translations are therefore unreliable for other purposes and certainly not to be recommended for students of German. Some of Joyce's German is sub-standard, non-standard, and dialect, so that North Germans will fail to recognize usages familiar to natives of Munich, Vienna, or Zurich. Indeed, the German in *Finnegans Wake* is frequently *spoken* German, as when Joyce uses "geh" instead of "gehe" with the first person pronoun (reflecting the fact that in conversation the final "e" is frequently dropped). In such cases I have not hesitated to cite the conversational (non-literary) form as the source of Joyce's usage. I have, however, made the concession to standard practice of retaining the normal German symbol for *ss* (ß) as well as the German *Umlaut,* although the digraph (*ae, oe,* or *ue*) might on occasion have usefully underlined the relationship of the *Wake*-word to its German source.

The mechanics of the list have been kept as simple as possible. The German capitalization of nouns has normally been retained, so that the reader will generally know whether an entry is a noun or a verb, but where the German source of Joyce's coinage may be verb or noun, I have usually chosen to give that form which seems most relevant in the context.

The words in the present list were included on any of a number of grounds. The least problematical entries were those which are German and nothing else—"Diener"

(servant), for instance—but such pure and undebatable cases occur most rarely.

Another infrequent occurrence is the literal translation into English of a German compound. "Selfloud" looks English, but is literally *Selbstlaut* (vowel), as suggested by the context: "Where flash becomes word and silents selfloud." Permutations of this technique may be seen in a word like "innerhalf," which again looks like pure English but also echoes *innerhalb* (inside), or in an English-German coinage like "bauchspeech," in which the word *speech* is translated from *reden*, which occurs in the German *Bauchreden* (ventriloquism).

Most entries in the list are not to be explained by reference to German alone. "Shenkusmore," for instance, includes *schenk* (to give a present) and *Schenke* (a tavern or bar); but Joyce's spelling of the compound also tells us the proper pronunciation of *Senchus Mor,* the ancient Irish law, so that, were we to spell out the implications of the coinage, we would get something like "ancient laws ministering to private greed" on top of "give us another drink." Sometimes the whole coinage apes German pronunciation, but contains English elements: "Yellachters" imitates vulgar German pronunciation of *Gelächter* (laughter), on which is imposed the descriptive "yell," perhaps "yellow," and the English plural s.

Once we begin to appreciate the ingenuity with which Joyce creates his new language, a host of rather doubtful and arguable words present themselves for consideration. The compiler, forced to make a decision as to inclusion or rejection, must inevitably rely on his anterior explorations of Joyce's chief themes and interests as well as on his understanding of Joyce's methods of work and habits of fusing words. The

context, rather than the structure of the coinage itself, must guide us to Joyce's intention. This is especially true where a knowledge of German only adds another fillip to a word which is quite explicable without that knowledge. "Flute," for instance, probably ought to remind us of the German "Flut" (flood), especially in a parody of the opening of Milton's *Paradise Lost*: "Of manifest 'tis obedience and the Flute!" We cannot be absolutely certain, but the proximate presence of Noah and the preoccupation with sin elsewhere in the book make it seem likely that the German sense of "Flute!" must be kept in mind. In the eighth chapter of Book I (the washerwomen) "main" probably refers to the German river; in the other dozen places where the word occurs, however, this meaning hardly seems relevant and there would have been no point in providing a gloss.

Many words in *Finnegans Wake* include German elements of which Joyce may well have been aware, but the explanation of which would add little to the reader's comprehension. "Bloody wars" may imply the German "war's" or "war es" to yield "Bloody was it…" but a knowledge of the German would not really enrich the passage for the reader. Had Joyce intended the German "war's," he could easily have suggested it by an apostrophe. If we were to examine any of a number of words on the first page of the book, such as "wielderfight," for instance, we might be induced to superimpose quantities of relatively useless interpretation on words which make sense in English: in "wielderfight" we would have to point out the *wie* (how) with which the word begins, the *er* (he) and the *der* (the), all of which would simply distract attention from the less apparent but more meaningful *wieder* (again). That Joyce intended the "wieder" we

know from the "passencore rearrived" earlier in the same sentence, and from the reinforcement which the sense of *wieder* gives to one of the known themes of the book, that of cyclical repetition.[1] Therefore the *wieder* has been included in the word list, but not the probably accidental particles *wie*, *der*, and *er*. The inclusion of every monosyllabic German word buried in Joyce's text would have quadrupled the size of his work, swelling the list with a mass of uninteresting and irrelevant data.

The chief grounds for including any particular word, then, was its relevance to an intelligent reading of Joyce's book. The satisfaction of systematic completeness was therefore left ungratified. Some idioms, for instance, might have been explained by reference to German, but were usually left out if French or Italian seemed to explain Joyce's coinage more adequately. Generally known proper nouns such as *Fritz* and *Berlin* were usually omitted, but the understanding reader will not be offended by such entries as *Wallenstein* and *Walhalla*. Certain repeated tricks on Joyce's part could not be listed again and again, such as the *Käse* (cheese) in "Caseus," a name which occurs a great many times. The name of the hero caused similar difficulty: "Earwicker" in some of its permutations suggests *Ihr Wecker* ("your alarm clock"), a reading highly relevant to the book as a whole and to its title.

This study grew out of a search for Joyce's guiding principle in using German and perhaps other languages in his book. The fact seems to be that Joyce, who knew

[1] For this particular word we also happen to have Joyce's own gloss in a letter written late in the 1929 to Miss H. S. Weaver (*Letters of James Joyce*, ed. Stuart Gilbert, New York, The Viking Press, 1957, pp. 247–248).

German extremely well (he spoke German fluently), simply used German wherever it suited him, drawing on the whole instrumentarium of the language and putting it to work as the occasion offered. He did not reserve German for, say, unsavory characters or particular situations. Where a pun offered, Joyce accepted. Already fascinated by seemingly chance connections between apparently unrelated words in English, Joyce extended his explorations of such connections into other languages. For the reader who is aware of them, these connections add to the delight occasioned by Joyce's wit and his genius for grasping poetic relevancies. The word was indeed his oyster.

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Appendix Two

C. George Sandulescu

Formal Structure of FINNEGANS WAKE

with an Eye to Facilitating the Constant Use of the Lexicographic Material

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We first propose that the Book was divided, by the Author himself, into seventeen natural units of text, which we here choose to name **EPISODES**.

These Episodes can, for first level of facility, be numbered from 1 to 17 . Or, alternatively, they can be assigned LETTERS: from A to Q. But as Joyce himself has his favourite February Girls—**on page 147.11-13**—we can, for reasons of literary affection, give them purely Joycean names, rather than the various sets of names internationally appended to the alphabet. The variation depends either on the country, e.g. Sweden, or even on the professional intention, such as Maritime, or Aviation, etc.

Lastly, each and every episode has a specific number of pages. That is indeed the last column! Correlating Page to Episode largely facilitates search.

Ordinal:	**Joyce:**	**Alphabetic:**	**FebGirls:**	**exact pages:**
1	1.1	A	ADA	003-029.
2	1.2	B	BETT	030-047.
3	1.3	C	CELIA	048-074.
4	1.4	D	DELIA	075-103.

5	1.5	E	ENA	104-125.
6	1.6	F	FRETTA	126-168.
7	1.7	G	GILDA	169-195.
8	1.8	H	HILDA	196-218.
9	2.1	I	ITA	219-259.
10	2.2	J	JESS	260-308.
11	2.3	K	KATTY	309-382.
12	2.4	L	LOU	383-402.
13	3.1	M	MINA	403-428.
14	3.2	N	NIPPA	429-473.
15	3.3	O	OPSY	474-554.
16	3.4	P	POLL	555-590.
17	4	Q	QUEENIEE	591-628.

By way of conclusion, I tentatively propose that the best **methodology of reading** of the Book is "by episodes" with an eye to one particular problem…. **Common Skandinavian** would ultimately lead us to Skandinavian Mythology; **German** would lead us to Central Europe at the time between the two world wars; and **Rumanian?** well, Rumanian might with luck give us a glimpse of the Balkans, and point to the significance

of the Slavonic world…Balkanisation is an important concept. But Language is most certainly LOCAL COLOUR, and that is perhaps what James Joyce was, in the last analysis, after…

Or, if you decide to drop Languages, there are vast amounts of Literary and Religious Allusions to follow up, or the Gazeteer Allusions will take you to the most unexpected corners of the Earth, including Van Demon Land!

It is up to you to find **your own method of reading**, on the basis of the lexicographic material we are gradually putting at your disposal, mon pauvre lecteur, mon semblable, mon frère!

*

Then, there are the ten Centums, of course. I call them **Centums** in Graphemics, as they are made up of one hundred letters each; except one, which chooses to have an extra letter. A phenomenon, so far never cogently and logically explained. Their current name of "thunder-words" I find far too narrative-oriented to be of any use for either graphemic, graphotactic, or even lexicographic purposes. (It is time, I think, now in the 21st Century, literary critics should be more alert in situations of scientific rigour than ever before.) After all, James Joyce was exceedingly precise in anything he did. On paper. And ***Finnegans Wake*** itself is his supreme exercise in **precision**.

Are the **Centums** circumstantial evidence of **a context-free approach** to the Joycean micro-text? This is not a rhetorical question: the floor is open for more rigorous discussions of the micro-texture of ***Finnegans Wake***! Of

the kind "the novel Ulysses begins with the letter **S**, and ends with the letter **S**." Or rather, "its very first sentence begins with the word **state** and ends with the word **cross**…"

There are millions of such instances in ***Finnegans Wake***. It is up to you to find them… And squeeze the meaning that Joyce wanted you to squeeze out of them.

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James Joyce's grave in Zurich.

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Appendix Three

C. George Sandulescu

Mention vs. Use in Structuring Classroom Discourse

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(Paper given at the Ninth International Conference of IATEFL (International Association of Teachers of English as a Foreign Language) held at Oxford in January 1977)

ABSTRACT

(published in IATEFL Newsletter, The Bulletin of the International Association of Teachers of English as a Forein Language, No. 51, January 1978, pages 31 to 34)

1. Autonomy. The best but unfortunately the most abstruse summary of the present paper is provided by the following quotation from the preface of a textbook of mathematical logic:

> (QUINE 1940 : V) The contrast is emphasized between use of expressions and discourse about expressions, and the controversy over implication is considered in the light of this distinction. (A 'meta-level' notation is introduced to facilitate discourse about statements and other expressions; and the principles of statement composition are expounded in these terms ...)

2. The context of the discussion in our case is the use of language in the language classroom: it is

suggested that the exceedingly primitive but well-known distinction which teachers currently make between 'speaking the language' and 'speaking about the language' is far from adequate. So is also, unfortunately, the distinction between (object) language and meta-language, which, it is true, will dispose of quite a number of grammatical and other linguistic terms.

3. Trivial vs. Non-trivial. What happens in the language classroom at least 75 per cent of the time is the teaching of the 'trivial' language rule, in the Itkonen 1976 sense:

Swedish ***bord*** is English ***table***,

and

John is easy to please is English for John is easy from please (cf. Itkonen 1976 : 32).

4. We need the concepts of Mention and Use (Oxford is a city vs. Oxford is a word) coming from Quine's mathematical logic in order to deal adequately with language-class statements (e. g.

a chamber is a room (with a difference).
A sleeping-room is a bedroom,
a skin-sofa is a leather-sofa).

Such sentences are almost invariably teacher-emergent, and have a strong performative 'implication', learners producing them mainly in teacher-initiated elicitation.

5. The structure of meta-discourse. Alongside other ways of describing sentences, we suggest one derived from the Fx of the logic of quantification, an expression which can be sketched as S=xRy

(Oxbridge is a word vs.Oxbridge is a city (or, is it ?);

New York is a city vs. New York is a word (also vs. New York is a State !)).

This intra-linguistic sentential description is easily extended to the inter-language relationship ('Cape Town' è il nome inglese di Città del Capo).

The xRy propositional structure, uttered performatively, is very widespread in teaching at all language levels (segmental and suprasegmental; graphemic; morphological and syntactic; 'lexicological': i. e. word semantics & word building). We distinguish in particular the following basic relationships in word semantics: identity, polysemy, homonymy, paronymy, synonymy, antonymy. Discussion of word semantics comes nearest to modern logic.

6. The obvious conclusion is that language-class communication is largely pseudo-communication on the basis of the highly tautological nature of the xRy. This is a descriptive, not a normative, conclusion. The paper's ultimate intention is to increase the teachers awareness of the pragmatic impact of teacher-emergent utterances. Children and adults react in widely different ways to tautology; a world language generates tautological discourse in other languages.

Data: Part One: The Discussion in Modern Logic.

(1) (a)_______ (b)'_______' (c) " '_______' " (Autonymy/autonymous)

(2) (a) Oxford is a city. (b) Oxford is a word. (c) 'Oxford' is a word.

(3) (a) Oxford is overpopulated. (b) 'Oxford' is disyllabic.

(4) 'Oxford is overpopulated' is about Oxford and contains 'Oxford'.
'Oxford is disyllabic' is about 'Oxford' and contains " 'Oxford' ".
" 'Oxford' " designates 'Oxford', which in turn designates Oxford.

(5) " 'Oxford' " contains six letters and no quotation marks; and Oxford contains exactly 109, 350 inhabitants.

(6) (a) Uppsala (b) Upsala (c) Upsal

(7) (a) Uppsala is an underpopulated city. (b) Upsala is a word.

(8) Uppsala contains 97,200 inhabitants; Upsala contains six letters and no quotation marks; and Upsal contains six letters and just one pair of quotation marks.

(9) (a) Phonetic: 'Oxford' is disyllabic.
(b) Graphemic: 'Oxford' has six letters.
(c) Morphological: 'Oxford' is a (proper) noun.
(d) Poetic: **'Oxford' occurs five times in <u>Canterbury Tales</u>.**

(10) (a) 'Oxford' designates Oxford.
(b) 'Oxford' designates an overpopulated city. 'Upsala' designates an underpopulated city.
(c) 'Oxford' designates the county town of Oxfordshire. 'Uppsala' designates one of the ancient capitals of Scandinavia. Uppsala designates one of the ancient capitals of Scandinavia.
(d) 'Oxford' is synonymous with Y.

(11) (a) The city of New York is made up of two words.
(b) The word Oxbridge is made up of two cities.

(12) (a) 'Cape Town' is the name of Cape Town.
(b) 'Cape Town' è il nome di Città del Capo.
(c) 'Cape Town' is the English name of Cape Town.
(d) 'Città del Capo' is the Italian name of Cape Town.
(e) 'Cape Town' è il nome inglese di Città del Capo.

(f) 'Città del Capo' è il nome italiano di Città del Capo.

DATA: Part Two: The discussion in language teaching:

The Relation **x** **R** **y**

(51) (a) Graphemics:

1. Graphic word-boundary: now a days. **R** nowadays
2. Spellings: (a) postphoned **R** delete h
   (b) pieceful **R** peaceful
   (delete i ; insert a)
   (c) uggly R ugly (delete one g)
3. Capitalization: (a) english R replace e/E
   (b) friday R replace f/F
   (c) january R replace j/J

(b) Phonetics: 1 segmental: isle / aisle
2 suprasegmental:

Are you a student ? (Rising Tune) # Who is a student here ? (Falling Tune)

(c) Grammar: 1. Morphology: studyed / stoped / wouldn't asked
2. Syntax: to start study / a six storeys high building
this objects are

(d) Lex: 1. **Identity:** war is war; children will be children.
2. **Polysemy:** Board R board
3. **Homonymy:** vice R vice; witch R which

4. **Paronymy:** lie R lay
5. **Synonymy:** A chamber is a room, with a difference.

6. **Antonymy:** Fair is foul & foul is fair
The Black-and-White Minstrel Show in colour !

(52) A library is a place where books are kept for reading.
A study is a place where books are kept for reading.
A bookcase is a place where books are kept for reading.

DISCUSSION:

(Editorial Note: B. J. Carroll, as rapporteur, noted that five participants spoke and were answered by the speaker. Unfortunately, only one participant has contributed a proper record in connected prose on a further discussion sheet.)

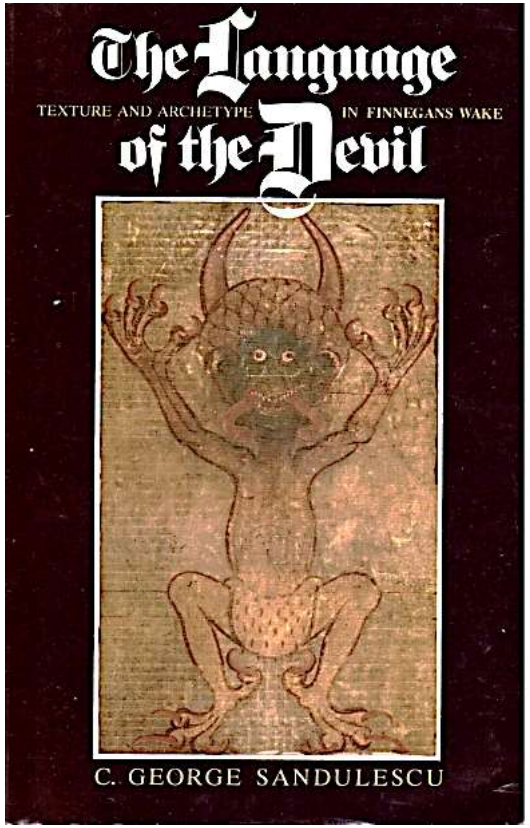
J. H. M. Butler commented on the statement quoted from a German semanticist that language can occur out of situational context (e. g. "Rome is a city.") He was surely confusing the hypostatic use of language and normal use. The confusion seemed to underline many examples used by TG grammar linguists (e. g. "The unicorn trotted towards the flea" and by textbook writers (e. g. "The pen of my aunt").

The presentation of language items ostensively involve tautological statements that mention but do not inform -- and the next stage must be informative use of language.

C. G. Sandulescu, in reply, cited "This is a book". This sort of tautological 'communication' is non-communicative and can kill communication. Telephonic communication is real communication.



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Appendix Four

C. George Sandulescu

THE LANGUAGE OF THE DEVIL:

Texture & Archetype in *Finnegans Wake*.

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0. In his 1936 letter-story to Stephen, Joyce refers to the Devil as 'speaking quite bad French with a strong Dublin accent'. The theme is developed in four parts – the Background, the Means, the Regularities, the Outcome.

1. FW is, in the BACKGROUND, a simulacrum of a universe, created by an anti-God (as particle is opposed to anti-particle in physics). This massive and apparently chaotic physicality generates its own conventions: the newcomer had better heed the stern warning 'Lasciate ogni pregiudizio voi ch'entrate!' The two Empedocles-style constitutive elements of this possible world are the linguistic & the cultural, fully heterogenized into high-powered radioactive discourse. The pilgrim's indispensable weapon-tool is the Archetype: insight into FW philosophy is perhaps best provided by the archetypal *à rebours* function of the *Paternoster*.

2. The MEANS are Languages & Linguistic Units: Joyce's own *List of Forty Languages* is scrutinized via a hierarchical holon model. Holons (parts with a 'whole' function) are 'relativized', as befits the age of Einstein & Whorf. The basic FW-decoding unit – the cartouche – singles out micro-segments exhibiting epiphany-like brilliancy of meaning. Wittgenstein's idea of language game leads to all meaning being best validated propositionally, through a use theory of holons.

3. There are four major kinds of REGULARITIES: the Axioms, discussed by Atherton (1959); the Principles, mainly general descriptions of human communication; the Maxims, remotely patterned on Grice (1967/1975); and the Rules. Devised within a part/whole model,

rules account for the parts of the smallest whole; axioms account for the whole, as a whole. Being a complete whole, FW means by reference to itself (the distinctive feature of any self-contained possible world).

4. The OUTCOME is texture endowed with mass, like that of rock-crystals. FW Part Four is analysed at both macro- and micro-levels. Having defeated the novel as genre in *Ulysses*, Joyce aims his FW structure at cancelling all monuments of Western civilization, including Shakespeare & the Bible; FW texture is likewise focused on atomizing the means for achieving those achievements; over Joyce neither God nor His Language shall have dominion. The Non-Serviam dictum is supremely accomplished. FW is the unique object in our World in which the Greatest Exile applies the Greatest Cunning to create the Greatest Silence: the Devil's Discourse.



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We have so far published in this James Joyce Lexicography Series:

Volume:	Title:	Number of Pages:	Launched on:
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Vol. **2.**	Helmut Bonheim's **German** Lexicon of *Finnegans Wake*. http://editura.mttlc.ro/Helmut.Bonheim-Lexicon-of-the-German-in-FW.html	217pp	7 December 2011
Vol. **3.**	A Lexicon of **Common Scandinavian** in *Finnegans Wake*. http://editura.mttlc.ro/C-G.Sandulescu-A-Lexicon-of-Common-Scandinavian-in-FW.html	195pp	13 January 2012
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Dedicated to Stephen J. Joyce.

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Dedicated to Clive Hart.

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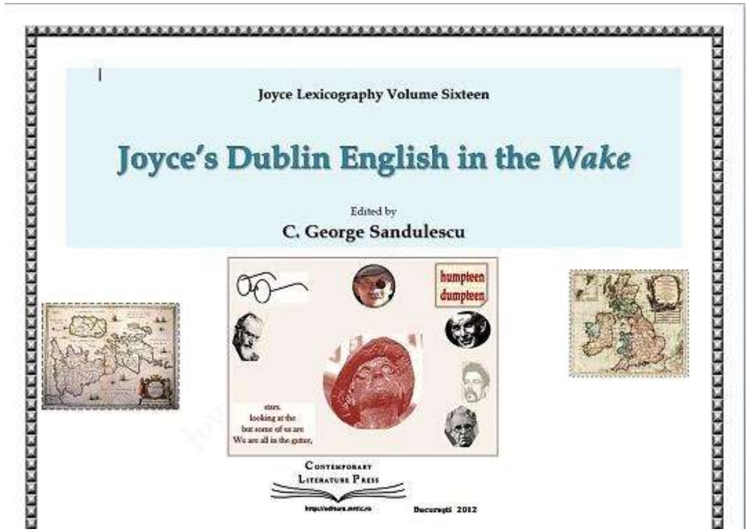
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If you want to have all the information you need about ***Finnegans Wake***, including the full text of *Finnegans Wake* line-numbered, go to the personal site **Sandulescu Online**, at the following internet address: http://sandulescu.perso.monaco.mc/







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